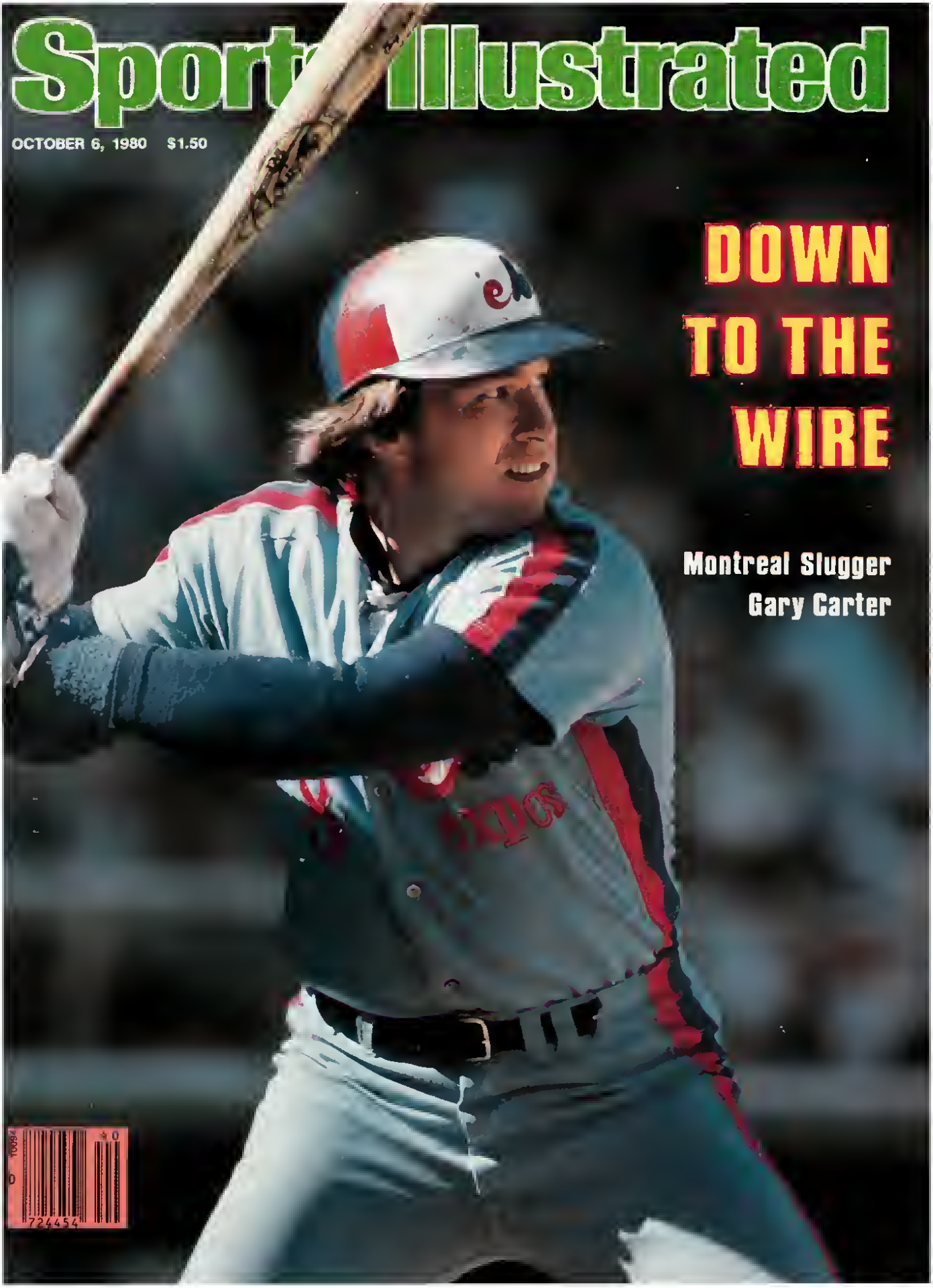

Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 6, 1980 $1.50
DOWN TO THE WIRE
Montreal Slugger Gary Carter

INTRODUCING

THE NEW WORLD CAR

FORD ESCORT



ENGINEERING TEAMS FROM AMERICA AND OVERSEAS JOIN FORCES TO CREATE A NEW CAR WITH BETTER IDEAS FROM AROUND THE WORLD



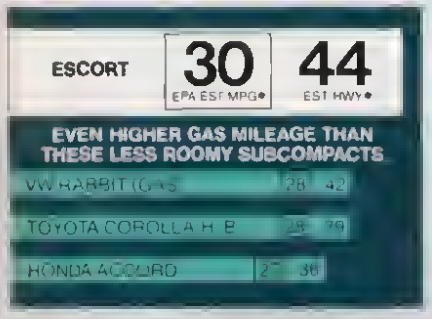
HIGH MILEAGE THROUGH ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY



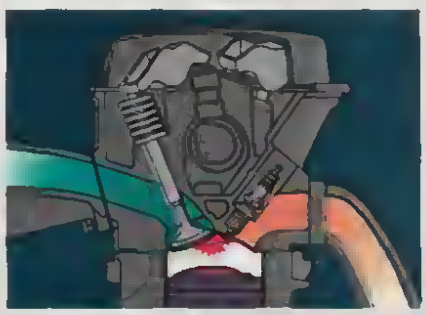
Top engineers drawn from the worldwide resources of Ford Motor Company teamed up to create Escort. They pooled their expertise...compared, tested, evaluated, experimented—to come up with better ideas.

The result: a high-mileage car built in America to take on the world. Escort will be made in America for American drivers...with other models built and sold overseas.

Escort has higher gas mileage ratings than subcompacts such as VW Rabbit, Honda Accord, Toyota Corolla hatchback (see chart), yet Escort has more room—the



*Applicable only to units without power steering or air conditioning. For comparison. Your mileage may differ, depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual hwy mileage and Calif ratings lower. Excludes diesels.



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ADVANCED AERODYNAMIC DESIGN.

From front bumper to hatchback, Escort is meticulously shaped for less air drag. It is actually as aerodynamic as some sports cars.

NEW FORD ESCORT



room of a compact (based on EPA Volume Index)

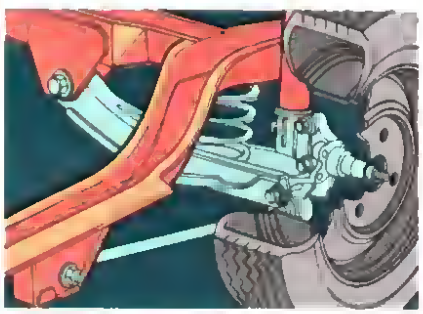
Escort achieves this high mileage through advanced technology, not by giving you less car

Escort's fuel efficiency comes from sophisticated and highly efficient new power teams (advanced-design compound valve hemispherical head (CVH) engine and transmissions) . the use of weight-efficient special steel—high-strength steel—to cut pounds without sacrificing solid construction refined aerodynamics (less air drag) and many other new and better ideas



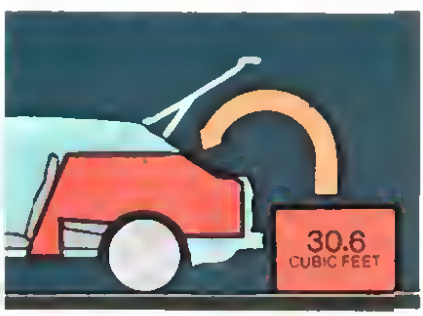
FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE AND FOUR-WHEEL INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION.

Also rack-and-pinion steering stabilizer bar, all-season steel-belted radials and other road-control features



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Escort makes use of a special steel—high-strength steel—along with other modern weight-efficient materials, for high mileage

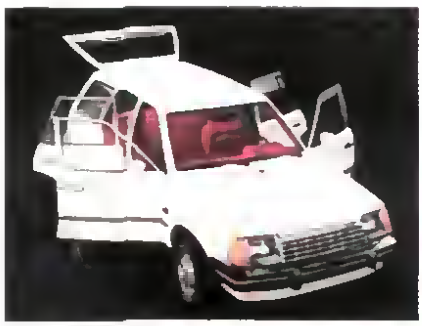


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The Escort Hatchback s functional design has a concealed luggage area With rear seat down it offers 30 cubic feet of cargo space

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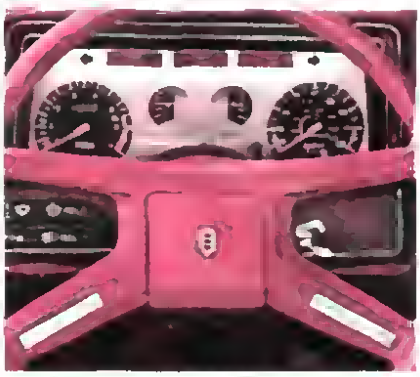
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Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

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Sports Illustrated

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Next Week

THE BIG GAME in Las Vegas will be the heavyweight title fight between Larry Holmes and Muhammad Ali. Can the champ earn the respect he feels he deserves? Can Ali win the title for an unprecedented fourth time? Pat Putnam is at ringside

HOCKEY'S HERE again, and SI launches the season with a pointed letter to NHL President John Ziegler. Kathy Blumenstock assesses all 21 teams; E M Swift visits the Sutter boys—Brian, Darryl, Duane and a few who haven't made the NHL yet

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The article on the Alan Minter-Marvin Hagler fight, which begins on page 27, is Clive Gammon's fourth piece in our three most recent issues. The stories, on fishing, ballooning (sort of), soccer and boxing, took him from our New York offices to Guatemala, Scotland, Washington, D.C. and England, respectively. He allowed us to snap the accompanying picture of him when he stopped briefly in the Big Apple en route from the Soccer Bowl in our nation's capital to London for the fight, but only with the understanding that we not interrupt his check writing—"so Con Ed and Ma Bell don't go bust in my absence."

At that, his pace was leisurely compared to a couple of last year's leaps—from the NASCAR 500 in Daytona, Fla. to Limerick, Ireland for a story about a gambler, and from the Preakness in Baltimore to the soccer World Cup in Bern, Switzerland.

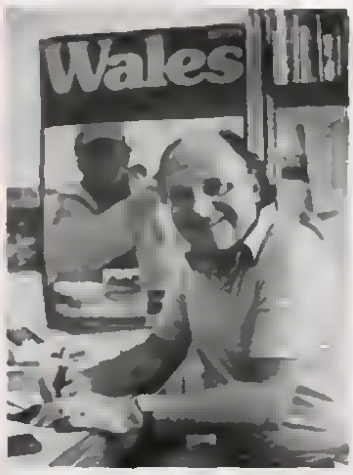
Gammon long ago touched down on all the continents but Antarctica, and he can't even recall all the sports he has covered—everything, seemingly, from the world curling championships to cross-Channel swims and soccer World Cups to "Jean-Claude Killy's debut as a movie star." Obviously his last four pieces in SI are just another manifestation of his versatility.

"It may seem strange," Gammon says, "both to relish the emotions and howling crowds of a major spectator event like the Kentucky Derby and to delight in the calm and quiet of a great river sliding through the Costa Rican rain forest. But there's no conflict for me. I've lived with both sorts of fever since I was small. I still recall the night in 1937 when, like all the other kids in Wales, I was allowed to stay up into the small hours to listen to the radio broadcast of our hero, Tommy Farr, fighting Joe Louis for the heavyweight title. At much the same time, I was being introduced by my grandfather to the art of surf casting, on any beach we could reach by bus on a Sunday. That became a fever, also."

But then, fishing with Gammon can be an action-packed pastime. "Because I strayed too near their respective coasts, I've been boarded by three different navies—the Egyptians in the Red Sea, the Spanish off Gibraltar and the British off Northern Ireland," says Gammon. "They always stopped short of hostilities, but I wasn't so sure the time an Argentine gunboat came after me on the Paraná River. It turned out to be lost.

"But it's gotten harder and harder to find genuine wilderness," Gammon adds. "There's now a hotel in the foothills of Everest. When a friend and I went to Finnish Lapland, we found the lakes had been fished out. I understand some of the world's best fishing now is in Outer Mongolia, but every time I go to the Mongolian Embassy in London to ask for a visa, the officials there tell me, 'Write to Ulan Bator.' I write, but I never get a reply."

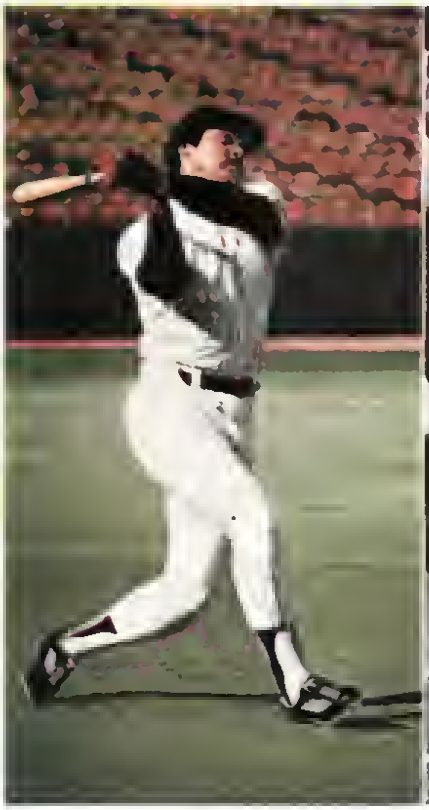
Meanwhile, back in Gammon's Manhattan apartment are brain coral from Australia's Great Barrier Reef, seedpods from Costa Rica, the "9" from the jersey of legendary Welsh scrum half Gareth Edwards—all sorts of memorabilia that would remind Gammon of where he has been, if he weren't already on his way somewhere else.



CLIVE GAMMON: A WHALE OF A TRAVELER

Philip D. Howlett

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—Reggie Jackson



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—Martina Navratilova



"I'm superstitious about my football shoes I get mighty attached to one kind if they serve me well and Spalding shoes are terrific!"

—Terry Bradshaw

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We've also made important finds in southwest Wyoming and northeast Utah. The area is called the Overthrust Belt and discoveries made here are some of the most exciting for America's energy future since Alaska's Prudhoe Bay field. But the Overthrust Belt also presents expensive and difficult development and drilling problems. One recent oil discovery in Utah, Amoco No. 1 Bountiful Livestock, cost more than $8 million.

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Shopwalk

by STEVE WULF

SOMETHING THAT BOTH BIG AND LITTLE LEAGUERS CAN SINK THEIR TEETH INTO

America may not be ready for the sight of thousands of miniature Don Zimmers and Nellie Foxes running around Little League diamonds with their cheeks all puffed out But Jim Bouton—yes, *the* Jim Bouton—and Amurol Products, a subsidiary of the Wm Wrigley Jr Company, are hoping that the kids are going to sink their teeth into Big League Chew, a sort of G-rated version of Red Man Big League Chew is bubble gum packaged exactly like chewing tobacco Inside a stay-fresh pouch there are enough shredded strips of the pink stuff to equal 26 sticks of bubble gum. Says Bouton, "I invented it to help ballplayers, and other kids, to maintain their proper image without losing their lunches" However, a kid of any age who chews too much of BLC may lose his teeth

Bouton and another pitcher named Rob Nelson thought up the idea for Big League Chew one night in 1977 when they were both sitting in the bullpen of the Class A Portland Mavericks Nelson's excuse is that he's left-handed "We were talking about how disgusting chewing tobacco really is," Bouton recalls, "yet how important it is for a big-leaguer's sense of manhood That's when Rob said there ought to be something that looks and feels like chewing tobacco but that tastes good" Bouton and Nelson sent away for some bubble-gum base, and when it arrived they mixed it with molasses to give it a tobacco color and cut the stuff up with a knife Bouton designed a label that included the endorsement, " 'Best I ever tried'—Jim Bouton " and made up about 12 packages He then took them around to half a dozen gum manufacturers "They all laughed and sent me away," says Bouton Finally, Wrigley chomped on the idea and began testing the gum in different colors Children responded best to the traditional pink, although Bouton hopes that BLC will someday come in brown

Big League Chew sells for 59¢ a pouch, and this summer, its first on the market sales have been phenomenal In fact, Wrigley can't make enough BLC to keep it on the shelves Unless the bubble bursts, Big League Chew should really take off next year, which would be good news indeed for Bouton and Nelson, who get nearly a penny for every pouch sold. The two aren't sitting back, waiting for their royalties, though Bouton writes a syndicated column and does some public speaking, and Nelson is still pitching—in Holland—and coaches the Portland State baseball team

How good is Big League Chew? Because the idea started in a bullpen an independent test of the product was conducted in the New York Yankees bullpen "I really like it" said Relief Pitcher Ron Davis "I'm a kid at heart, and this is terrific" Rich Gossage, ace of the Yankee pen, wasn't so enthusiastic "Bouton invented this, huh? Figures," he said "But crazier things have gone over big" Bullpen Catcher Dom Scala chewed it over and said, "I like the concept, but the gum lacks the consistency you'd need to wrap it around your tobacco" Scala also pointed out that although the package says "flavor lasts nine innings," the gum would be lucky to get the chewer past the top of the second

But Big League Chew is really for kids, so the last word goes to Chris Frey, 12, of Elmira, N Y "Nyish ish gudd ssshtooff," says Chris, proving once again that you shouldn't talk and chew gum at the same time **END**



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VIEWPOINT

by JIM KAPLAN

IN BASEBALL THESE DAYS, FANS SEEM TO GET THE SHORT END OF THE BAT

The 1980 baseball season couldn't have been more entertaining: close races in three divisions, and George Brett chasing .400 in the fourth. On the surface, we fans should have no complaints.

In fact, we have quite a few. And now that the players have got fat contracts and the owners have continued to enrich themselves, it's time for the rest of us to state our case. Some modest proposals:

Eliminate the first seven to 10 days of the season, play outdoor April games in the afternoon and revert to a 154-game schedule. This was pretty much the system until 1961. By expanding the schedule, starting the season earlier and playing more April games at night, baseball increased the number of rainouts, snowouts and coldouts. Worse, it added to the number of near rainouts, snowouts and coldouts that fans must sit through. Reverting to the old system isn't just considerate to the spectators but good business for the owners, who lose gate receipts on poorly attended early-season games.

Start the playoffs and World Series on weekends. As recently as 1975 this was the case. The playoffs began on a Saturday, six days after the regular season ended, and the Series started the following weekend. When critics complained that baseball was running into late October, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn rescheduled the playoffs to begin on a Tuesday, two days after the season's end, and the Series the following Tuesday. The innovation has failed. Players need more than a day to prepare for the playoffs and Series, and fans need more time to savor the season's action and debate what will happen in postseason play.

There's another important consideration. By starting the playoffs on Tuesday and playing four of the six weekday games at night, baseball has denied many young viewers the chance to watch their heroes play until the weekend. By then, a three-of-five series may be all but over.

The same applies to the World Series. In a seven-game Series, many children see only Games 4 and 5, played on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, in their entirety because the five night games usually end between 11 p.m. and midnight. If a seven-game Series started on a Saturday and ended eight days later, on a Sunday, kids could see four complete games. The changeover would involve no sacrifice to club executives, players or broadcasters; baseball would adhere to its TV contract by playing every weekday game in prime time. And cold weather, in all likelihood, would be a factor during only the three night games.

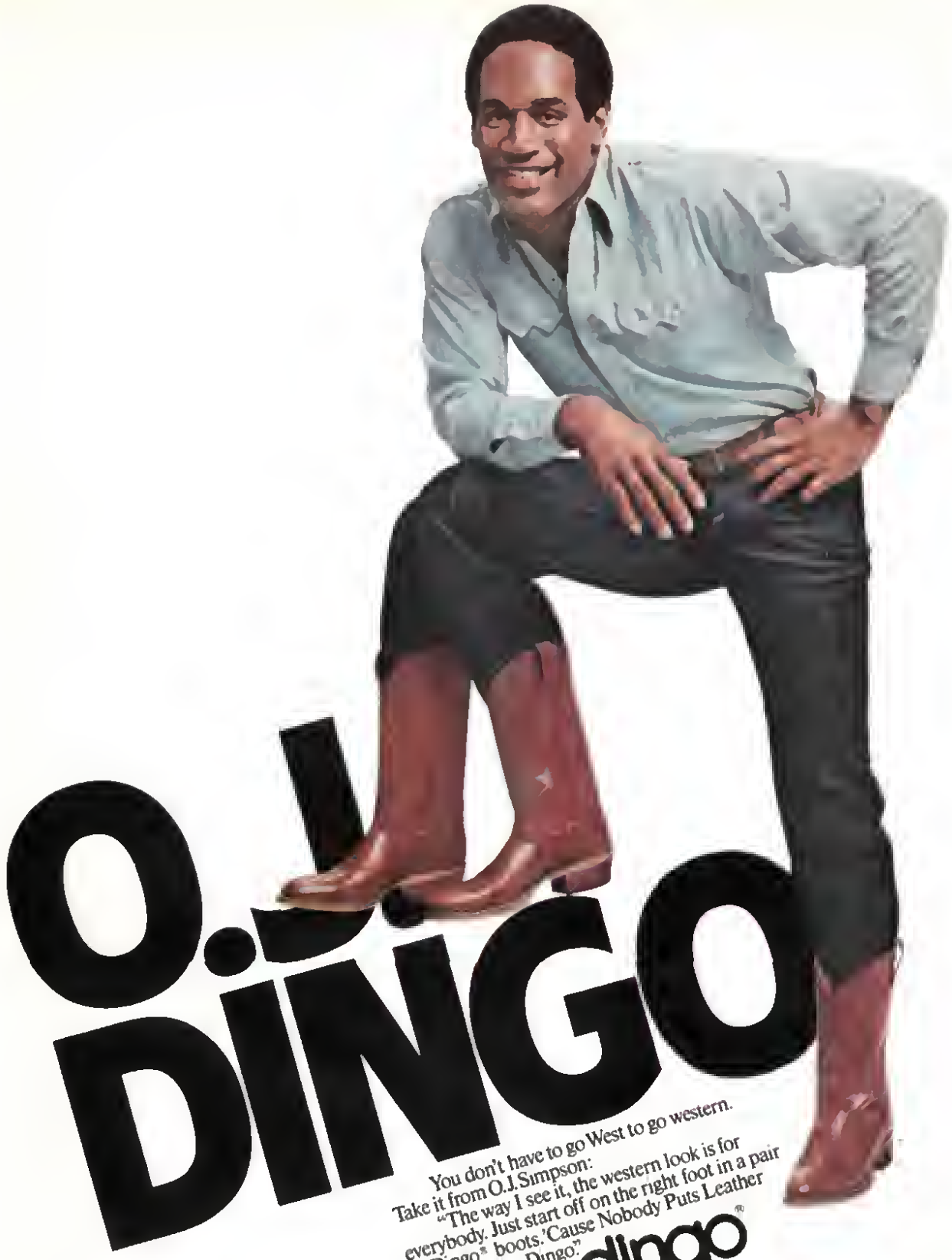
Improve ball park security. In some cities watching the games is no longer an enjoyable experience. Oh, the baseball's fine, assuming you can keep your mind on it amid all the intoxication, foul language and fistfights in the stands. It would be unrealistic to expect baseball to stop selling beer, its No. 1 sponsor. However, other clubs might consider what the Dodgers and Tigers have done—halt or restrict beer sales in rowdy sections of the stands. As for keeping the peace, more police alone aren't the answer. For a lot of reasons good and bad, they don't inspire universal respect. I like what the Red Sox have done. Scattered throughout Fenway Park during most home games are football players from nearby schools, including Boston University and Boston College, whose blazers identify them as security guards. No one's about to scream "pig" at these guys.

A rained-out game should be suspended and continued at a later date, instead of being canceled. According to the current rule, a game that's halted before the losing team has batted in the fifth inning is canceled and must be replayed. A game that goes five or more innings is complete unless the score is tied or the visiting team has just taken the lead. Only in these circumstances is a game suspended.

There are few scenes as farcical as a rain-threatened baseball game. Invariably the team that's leading rushes play while the trailing club stalls. If groundkeepers are called onto the field, they either hurry or dally, depending on the home team's interests.

Such a game usually ends in one of two equally unsatisfactory ways: either it's ruled "complete" after five or six miserable innings, in which case incomplete records go into the books—is there much pleasure in throwing a five-inning no-hitter? Or the game—and all its statistics—are washed out. To avoid cancellations, umpires will allow play to continue until flood conditions set in. If games were suspended instead of canceled, the stats would stand, the fans could feel entertained, and the games would be stopped at the appropriate moment.

There are other measures baseball should take—or stop taking—to make the sport more enjoyable. All team mascots except the San Diego Chicken should be put on waivers. The Chicken is a knowledgeable baseball fowl whose antics enhance our understanding and pleasure; the others merely distract us. Commercials on public-address systems and scoreboards are eyesores and earsores. We look to communication devices for information, not hype. And how about an alternative to junk food? I'd settle for just one bean-sprout stand behind home plate. Officials owe us as much pure baseball as possible, without distraction, danger, deprivation or indigestion. **END**



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

MINI-REBELLION IN ROAD RACING

As happened in tennis in the mid-1960s, pressure is building for openly awarding prize money in road racing, a sport in which under-the-table payments have become increasingly common. Most athletes, sponsors and race promoters want to end hypocritical "shamateurism" and legalize cash prizes. However, in sharp contrast to the situation in tennis, which hasn't been an Olympic sport since 1924, leading road racers often compete in the Olympics and are subject, with track and field athletes, to the archaic amateur rules imposed by the IAAF, the world governing body of the sport. While The Athletics Congress (TAC), which oversees road racing in the U.S., has promised to work within the IAAF for a needed relaxation of the rules, the pace of change remains slow.

The situation may nevertheless be coming to a head. Two weeks ago the makers of Jordache jeans paid out $50,000 in prize money at a professional marathon in Atlantic City and promised that other run-for-the-money events would follow. But Ollan Cassell, executive director of TAC, warned that, under IAAF rules, runners who entered such races would risk being stripped of their international eligibility. Alternatively, Cassell announced that he had obtained IAAF approval for an experimental Grand Prix circuit in which prize money would be awarded not to athletes but to their clubs, which then could distribute funds to members for "expenses." Cassell described the circuit as a necessary first step toward open racing. "The IAAF needs some kind of experience before diving into dark waters," Cassell told SI's Craig Neff. "They want to know where the rocks are."

Runners have reacted to these goings-on with a fine streak of independence. The Atlantic City race wound up drawing 31 entrants, but most of the big names skipped the event rather than risk their eligibility in what could've been a one-shot opportunity. But they didn't exactly rush to the TAC circuit, either. The Association of Road Racing Athletes, a newly formed group whose ranks include Bill Rodgers, Craig Virgin, Herb Lindsay, Don Kardong, Joan Benoit, Benji Durden and Garry Bjorklund, met in Chicago last week and voted to shun the proposed Grand Prix circuit. "TAC is just clouding the waters with more disguised payments," said Bjorklund. "Their circuit would just lead to more clever bookkeeping." Stung by the athletes' rejection, Cassell hinted that TAC might go ahead with its prize-money circuit even without the balky stars.

Cassell may have reason for sticking to his guns. As he points out, if TAC lent support to a prize-money scheme that ended up costing athletes their international eligibility, it might be violating the federal Amateur Sports Act of 1978 and could face lawsuits. Yet the road racers hope that by holding out for direct prize payments, they can force the IAAF's hand, especially if their mini-rebellion spreads to track and field athletes. As Kardong puts it, "TAC says it has no choice in these matters because of directives it gets from the IAAF. We're not convinced of that. We're not convinced these things are unchangeable."

The athletes' ultimate weapon is the possibility that many of them may decide to chuck their international eligibility. Thanks partly to disillusionment caused by the Olympic boycott, U.S. road racers appear determined to take greater control of their own fate. Says Kardong, "Most of us would rather work within the international structure. However, I think if someone came up with a long-term, well-thought-out system [of prize-money races], we'd all look at it quite seriously."

PUTTING THE PIG BACK IN THE PIGSKIN

As with thoroughbreds, some people perform better on mud than others. When it comes to sloshing about on a football field knee-deep in slop, nobody compares with the Mount Washington Valley Hogs of North Conway, N.H. They're the Pittsburgh Steelers of mud football, a game that has long been popular on campuses and is now gaining a wider following, especially in the Northeast.

Mud football is played on fields plowed and hosed down to produce swamplike conditions. Teams play two-hand touch, but because of the slippery footing, participants probably spend more time earthbound—or mudbound—than they would if they were playing tackle. Players are usually barefoot and even the most routine handoff can be high adventure. Says John Gorman, a special-teams member of the Hogs, "When I was eight, I'd have gotten into trouble for doing this. Now I can play in the mud without my mother yelling at me."

Mud football got started in the ski-resort community of North Conway in 1975 when a team of ski bums and locals was formed to play in the grandly named World Mud Football Championships, which were being held at another ski re-



sort, Sugarloaf in Maine. The Hogs won the title and repeated as world champs the next three years, but in 1979 they were defeated by the Hamslammers of Holland Patent, N.Y. Earlier this month the Hogs regained the championship, beating the Hamslammers 8–7 before a crowd of 4,000 in Holland Patent. The following weekend the Hogs returned to North Conway to play host to what was billed as the Olympic Mud Games. The Mount Washington Valley Band played but refused to slog through the mire, and the Hogs were urged on ("We love you,

continued

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Hogs, oh yes we dooooo . . .") by the Hoggettes, a corps of cheerleaders clad in gym shorts, pig ears and snouts. Alas, the Hogs were upset 19–0 in the title game by the Plymouth Valley (N.H.) Mudders, after which the teams faced what one of the players called the most unsavory part of mud football. "I hate going under the hose to clean off," he shuddered. "That water's ice cold."

PRESERVED FOR POSTERITY

First-base Umpire Bill Haller was probably guilty of a bum decision when he neglected to inform the managers and players at a recent Oriole-Tiger game that he had been wired for sound by a Washington, D.C. station, WDVM-TV. But for anybody who's ever wondered what really goes on during a rhubarb, the taping was illuminating, especially when Haller called a balk on Baltimore Pitcher Mike Flanagan, much to the consternation of Oriole First Baseman Eddie Murray and Manager Earl Weaver. Highlights of the ensuing exchange:

Murray: "That is not a balk."

Haller: "Behind the rubber."

Murray: "He did not go behind the rubber."

Haller: "For me he did."

Weaver (arriving on the scene): "Aaah, bleep."

Haller: "Bleep yourself."

Weaver: "You're here and this crew is here just to bleep us."

Haller (with a jerk of the thumb, indicating Weaver's ejection): "Boom!"

Weaver: "You couldn't wait to get me out."

Haller (pointing a finger at Weaver): "Oh, Earl, you run yourself."

Weaver (swatting away Haller's hand): "Get your finger off me."

Haller: "You hit me?"

Weaver: "Yeah, because you put your finger on me. . . . You do it again and I'll knock you right on your nose."

Haller: "I didn't touch you. You're lying."

Weaver: "You ain't no good."

Haller: "Nah, you aren't, either."

Weaver: "What're you doing here now?"

Haller: "Well, why don't you call the league office and ask them?"

Weaver: "Don't you think I won't."

At one point during this deathless dialog, Weaver boastfully predicted that in another decade or so, he'd be in the Hall of Fame.

Haller: "For bleeping up the World Series?"

Weaver: "I've won more than I've lost, kid."

For the record, it was the 78th time Weaver had been thrown out of a game in his career.

UNWANTED ASSOCIATION

On March 31, 1931, Notre Dame Football Coach Knute Rockne was killed with seven other people in the crash of an airliner in Kansas. So why is Rockne's smiling face gracing a Piedmont Airlines ad running this season in football programs at more than 40 colleges? Well, it seems that Piedmont, which was founded in 1948, wanted to promote an association between itself and college football and came up with copy reading, "Football has come a long way. So have we. . . ." Further, it seems that nobody at either the airline or its ad agency remembered the circumstances of Rockne's death when it was decided to use his picture. Mitch Lawrence, a sportswriter for the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, caught the gaffe ("I thought for a second I was reading *National Lampoon*") and called it to the attention of W.G. McGee, Piedmont's senior vice-president, who was properly embarrassed. Noting that Rockne had been included "because of his personality and not how he left this world," McGee said of the ad: "It was done in good faith and we hope people take it that way."

A JUMBO-SIZED TRIBUTE

During his 46 years as Villanova's track coach, Jumbo Elliott has turned out a host of world-class performers, including such notable middle-distance runners as Ron Delany, Eamonn Coghlan, Marty Liquori and Don Paige. Those athletes and others like them have helped Elliott's teams win eight NCAA (one outdoor, three indoor, four cross-country) and three AAU (2 indoor, one cross-country) championships. What makes these numbers all the more impressive is that the Wildcat trackmen train on an antiquated track at Villanova Stadium so slow that not even the most talented of them ever ran a sub-four-minute mile on it.

Now that may change. Last week Villanova dedicated a new eight-lane, Rubaturf track at the stadium that will not only facilitate faster clockings, but will also enable the school to play host to championship meets, something it couldn't very well do before. The dedication ceremonies were held at halftime of Villanova's 20–9 football victory over Boston College, and one old grad, Paul Drayton, seized the occasion to make a gift to the school—"Villanova did everything for me," he said—of the gold medal he won as a member of the U.S. 4 x 100-meter relay team in the 1964 Olympics. Drayton was one of 150 present and former Villanova trackmen (including Delany, Liquori and virtually all of the school's 20-odd other track Olympians) on hand for the festivities, and as the crowd of 13,300 cheered, the 65-year-old Elliott led his boys on a victory lap of what Villanova officials have named, fittingly enough, Jumbo Elliott Track.

SUPPORTING ALMA PATER

It happened in Tempe, Ariz. a few days before Arizona State was to play Ohio State in Columbus. Walking across the Arizona State campus, Sun Devil Quarterback Mike Pagel noticed a coed wearing an Ohio State T shirt. He stopped her and asked her prediction for the game.

"Ohio State by seven," she replied.

"Know who I am?" asked Pagel.

"No, who?"

"The Arizona State quarterback."

"Know who I am?" the coed shot back. "No . . ."

"I'm the daughter of the Ohio State coach."

That gentle put-down wasn't the only gesture that Lynn Bruce, an Arizona State sophomore, made on behalf of Earle Bruce's Buckeyes last week. To surprise her father, who wasn't expecting her, Lynn flew to Columbus for the game. And didn't she have mixed emotions about the clash between dad's school and her own? "She'd better not," said Jean Bruce, the mother of Lynn and three other Bruce girls. "Her father pays her tuition at Arizona State and this is his job." With that the Bruce family, Lynn included, went off to Ohio Stadium to watch the Buckeyes win, not by seven, but by 17.

THEY SAID IT

• Willie Wilson, Kansas City outfielder, on why he refuses to sign autographs: "When I was a little kid, teachers used to punish me by making me sign my name 100 times."

• Abe Lemons, Texas basketball coach, at a golf tournament for coaches in Edinburg, Texas: "Coaches who shoot par in the summer are the guys I want on my schedule in the winter." **END**

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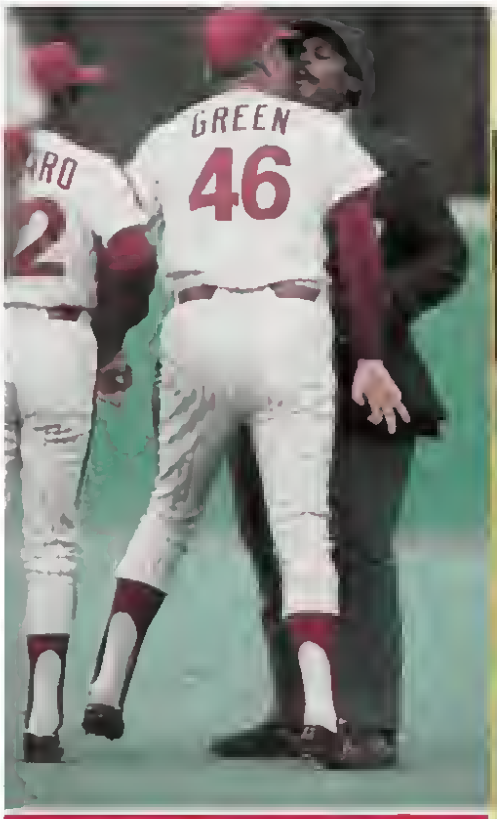
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Phillie Manager Green's protest of a call at first base by Umpire Eric Gregg earned him an early shower in the eighth inning of Philadelphia's loss on Sunday.

OUT BUT NOT DOWN

With one week of the season remaining, the Phillies trailed the Expos in the National League East and the Dodgers were behind the Astros in the West, but both races were still far from over

by STEVE WULF

The wives of Montreal First Baseman Tommy Hutton and Philadelphia Pitcher Dick Ruthven stopped talking to each other, which wouldn't be noteworthy except that they're twin sisters. Ozzie Virgil Sr., the Expos' third-base coach, has a fowl name for Ozzie Virgil Jr., a Phillies reserve catcher. But there's good reason for this familial discord. The Phillies and the Expos are fighting for the championship of the National League East, sort of the Black and Blue Division of baseball.

Last weekend the Expos brought their battered bodies into Philadelphia for a three-game series with the Phillies and their bruised psyches. The teams split the first two games, which were wildly and mildly exciting, respectively, and then



Montreal took the rubber game by a resounding score of 8–3. When things finally settled down in Veterans Stadium Sunday night, the Expos were a half-game up on the Phillies with a week left to play. The week will end with a three-game rematch between the two rivals in Montreal. Watch out.

For the Phillies, a division title would mean a shot at the World Series, which would mean a shot at redemption, not only for the playoff el pholdos of 1976, '77 and '78 and the collapse of 1964 (never let 'em forget that), but for all time. In their 97 years of play, the Phillies have won two pennants (1915 and 1950) and nary a world championship.

In a season when they weren't expected to win and with many of their players having off years, these aging Phillies are nonetheless making what could be their last bid for a championship. Says Reliever Tug McGraw, "Time is beginning to pass us by, and we don't want to have to look back on these years as wasted."

However, were it not for Mike Schmidt, who should be a shoo-in for National League MVP, with 44 homers, 114 RBIs and a .281 average; Steve Carlton, another shoo-in as the Cy Young winner, with a record of 23–9 and an ERA of 2.41; and McGraw, who has an ERA of 0.63 and 11 saves since coming off the disabled list on July 17, this might have been another lost year for the Phillies.

For *les Expos*, a division title would mean recognition. The team is almost as beloved in Montreal and Canada as *les Canadiens*, but south of the border the Expos remain a faceless bunch of *lanceurs*, *receveurs*, *voltigeurs* and *interieurs*. "We're just an unknown club from out of the country, so we try to be as nice as possible, even with me as the manager," says *Gérant* Dick Williams. "I don't think you'll see any of our players hiding out in the clubhouse."

Williams' remark was actually a verbal shot at the Philadelphia players, who generally treat the press as history has treated their team. They were truly ecstatic after their 2–1 victory Friday night, but as soon as the reporters walked into the clubhouse, the players sobered up. In Philadelphia's defense, this has not been an easy season. Catcher Bob Boone, Leftfielder Greg Luzinski, Centerfielder

continued

Garry Maddox and even First Baseman Pete Rose have been struggling at the plate, and Larry Bowa, of all shortstops, has far more errors (17) than usual. A reckless story originating in the *Trenton Times* linking the Phillies—or "Pillies" as some called them—with drugs upset the team. And Manager Dallas Green has been playing the role of wicked stepfather all season. On Aug. 10, between games of a doubleheader loss to Pittsburgh, Green gave the Phils a royal chewing. And since then Philadelphia has gone from six games back to a half-game out, with several brief layovers in first place. "Dallas upset some players," says Tim McCarver, the catcher-turned-broadcaster-turned-broadcaster-catcher. "But he also gave us a sense of reckoning. You can't perform just by putting a uniform on."

The Expos have had to overcome their almost universal dislike for Williams, who may be the least beloved skipper since Captain Bligh, and a ceaseless series of injuries. They have been able to field their regular starting lineup in only 23 games this year. Montreal headed into the final week without the bats of Leftfielder Ron LeFlore, who has a broken left wrist, and Rightfielder Ellis Valentine, who has a sprained wrist. LeFlore's legs, which have given him 93 stolen bases, are still available for pinch running.



Carter, Rogers and Cromartie celebrate a win

"Every day is another obstacle," says First Baseman Warren Cromartie. "But it builds character."

When the Expos arrived at Veterans Stadium on Friday, the Phillies had a precarious half-game lead, thanks to two one-run victories over the Mets. In the 10th inning of a scoreless tie on Wednesday night, Del Unser, 35, led off with a pinch-hit single. Then McCarver, 38, who came down from the broadcast booth for September just to play in his fourth decade, laid down a perfect sacrifice bunt, and the 39-year-old Rose singled in the game's lone run. The next night the Phillies' rookies won it, 2–1, as 22-year-old Marty Bystrom pitched 6⅔ innings of one-run ball and 24-year-old Lonnie Smith, who's batting .336 as a part-timer, drove in what proved to be the winning run. The Expos lost that day 5–4 to the Cubs, making Philadelphia the division leader.



Rowland Office watches Scott and Cromartie go topsy-turvy for a foul

In the meantime, the defending-world-champion Pirates were playing themselves out of contention and Sue Harper Ruthven and Debby Harper Hutton were playing themselves into a state of contentiousness. Seems that Sue called Debby, who lives in California, to ask if she'd be in Montreal the last week of the season. "Sue told Debby that the Phillie wives were all going to be up there when the Phillies clinched it," according to Tommy Hutton, who introduced Sue to Ruthven when he was a Phillie. "Debby said, 'What do you mean when the *Phillies* clinch it?' The fight wasn't very big, and everything's O.K. now."

When Ozzie Virgil Sr. came out of the dugout Friday evening, he looked for his son, but didn't spot him. "Where is that turkey?" he asked. McGraw was a picture of civility, though, as he went up to Williams, shook the Expos' skipper's hand and said, "Good luck tonight. I hope you win if we're unable to do so." The Phillies, it turned out, were able to win. They got a run in the second on a solo homer by Maddox off David Palmer, but the Expos tied the score in the sixth on a double by Jerry White and a single by Rodney Scott. Scott's hit was a grounder to Bowa's right that a younger Bowa might have reached. McGraw, working in relief of Ruthven, set the Expos down in order in the eighth and ninth. After striking out Andre Dawson to end the ninth, he came

Farmar Fryman plowed through Smith for a save



off the mound as only he can, flailing his right thigh with his gloved hand and pumping the air with the other. The scoreboard's extraneous message was LET'S GET PSYCHED.

Palmer's first pitch to Bake McBride in the bottom of the ninth was a curveball, down but over the plate, and McBride got a good piece of it. "The ball wasn't carrying to right, so I thought it might stay in," said Palmer. "Then I saw Office go back, look up and turn away. That one hit drove in 50,000 people." McBride's homer touched off a wild home-plate celebration led by McGraw, Bowa and Green. The fans started chanting, "We want Bake," and the message board now read A BAKED TATER. Said McBride, still holding the home run ball that Ozzie Jr. had retrieved from the bullpen, "Dallas told me to go back out, and I said, if I go out, I want everybody with me, so we all went out."

As for his performance, McGraw said, "I have no control over it. I see myself on TV sometimes and I'm halfway embarrassed. I'm just very conscious of the crowd. You can almost reach out and touch the energy. It creates a density in the air, like when you turn up a stereo real loud and the lamp shakes. Then I'll just pick a face out in the crowd, like a drop in the waterfall, and I'm at peace."

So much for poetry corner. The reality of the situation was that the Phillies were a game and a half up with Steve Carlton going the next day. "We're in the driver's seat," said Green.

But, as Houdini once said, nothing is a lock. The Phillies were certainly a confident team the next day, chasing the slightly larger Philadelphia Eagles out of right field so they could take batting practice. Linebacker Bill Bergey even came over and did a perfect imitation of McGraw's frenzy the night before. When Schmidt smashed his major league-leading 44th home run on his 31st birthday in the first inning, it looked like it would be another day for the Phillies. But students of Phillie history knew that on this same date in 1964, Sept. 27, the Phillies had fallen out of first place. It's Doomsday. Gary Carter of the Expos homered off Carlton in the second, but Manny Trillo answered with a solo number of his own. Carlton struck out the side in the third, but after that he began to lose his stuff. Chris Speier drove in a run in the fourth to tie the score at 2–2, and doubles by Speier and White in the seventh put the Expos ahead to stay. The Phillies drew to within one at 4–3 in the bottom of the ninth with the winning runs on base, but then Williams called in his relief ace, the 40-year-old tobacco farmer, Woodie Fryman, who has been called *sacré* in Montreal. Green sent Smith up to pinch-hit. No contest. After four pitches, the fourth a perfect slider that caught Smith looking, the tying run was dead at third.

"I don't look as excited as Tug does," said Fryman, who pitched to Ozzie Sr. and will someday pitch to Ozzie Jr. "But it's all inside. I was really pumped up. It's either going to be this season or next for me, and I want to win this thing." Said Carter, "If we were to win the division for one man, it would be Woodie. He's been an inspiration to us all."

Williams got in another dig after the game when he said, "All I want to say is what Dallas Green said last night. I think we're in the driver's seat. We've got our ace, Steve Rogers, going tomorrow, and we'll be a half-game up when we leave here. I like our chances a lot better now than I did at 11 last night."

He liked them even better at 6 p.m. on Sunday. The Expos blew out the Phillies 8–3, thanks mostly to Rogers' five-hitter and Carter's four RBIs and two home runs. Carter's first homer gave the Expos a 1–0 lead in the second, and his 29th of the year, in the seventh, gave them a 7–1 lead. It also gave Carter 99 RBIs, so maybe Schmidt isn't such a shoo-in, after all. The Expos also got a little help from Maddox, who had as much trouble with the sun as Icarus did. He lost a liner by Speier in the sixth and let it go to the wall for a two-run triple, recalling the liner he missed that cost the Phillies the playoffs in 1978. "I didn't have my glasses down," said Maddox, "but I don't think they'd have helped." So the weekend that began with a bang for the Phillies ended with a whimper.

"Isn't it amazing," Carter said, "that you play 156 games, and the last six games are still important."

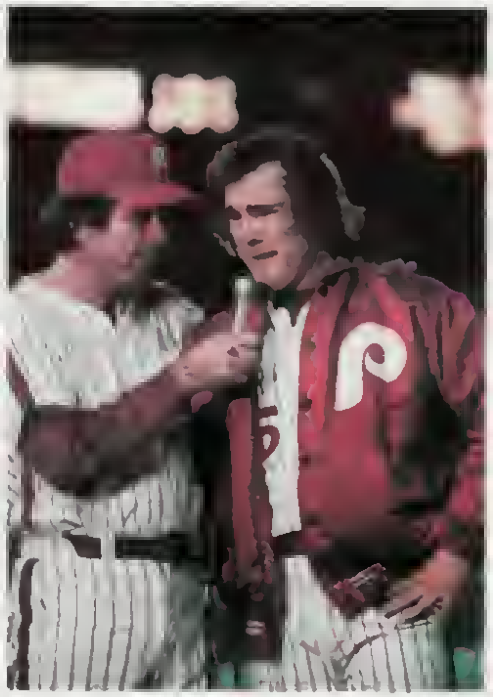
The Expos play three games with St. Louis early this week, and the Phillies have four with Chicago, but then they go at each other in cold Montreal. Says Cromartie, "I don't care if it's 10° up there. Once I hear the noise from our fans and take that first at bat, I'll be hotter than hell."

As Williams said after Saturday's victory, "The forecast is clear and exciting."

CONTINUED



Schmidt has made a powerful case for MVP



Big Macs Tim and Tug savor Friday's victory.

THE ASTROS ARE IN ORBIT

by Ron Fimrite

Tom Seaver was enjoying a postprandial Remy Martin with some friends at the bar of the Shamrock Hilton Hotel in Houston last Friday when he was approached by an urban cowboy. For all of his renown as a pitcher and as a television persooality, Seaver is affable almost to a fault, so instead of shrugging off the intruder with a deserved "Get lost," he turned politely to greet him. "I've got a bet with my friends down there," said the Texan, inclining his head toward three fellow louts at the end of the bar. "I've got a thousand-dollar bet that you ain't Tom Seaver." "You lose," said the ace of the Cincinnati pitching staff. "Lemme see some identification," said Travolta manqué. "I tell you what," replied Seaver, merrily. "I'll bet you a thousand dollars I am Tom Seaver." "Lemme see your money." Seaver extracted his wallet from his coat pocket and began peeling off bills. "Well, here's a one and there's another one. And a five. No tens." He laughed at his own insolvency as the stranger moseyed off down the bar in disgust. Tom Seaver had come up a little short.

Actually it was the second time that very evening he had come up a little short, for only hours earlier, the surging Houston Astros had beaten him and the Reds 2–0, hammering yet another nail in the coffin that will soon contain last year's champions of the National League West. "They've been burying us all year," Reds Manager John McNamara had protested before the game, "and we've always come back." But on Saturday afternoon the Astros piled another 2–0 shutout oo them. Even with an 8–5 victory on Sunday, Cincinnati had so many games to make up in the "all-important" loss column—four—and so few games in which to do it—five—that it seemed safe to paraphrase the late Charlie Dressen and declare "the Reds is dead."

The Astros, however, is very mucb alive. And so, for the moment, is the second-place Dodgers, and the race should come down to the final three days of the season this weekend when they confront each other in Los Angeles. It will, that is, if the Dodgers can hang on that long, for their once proud ranks now seem as tattered and diminished as Napoleon's Grande Armée was in retreat from Moscow. "You battle with whatever troops you have," said Davey Lopes, one of the Dodgers' numerous walking wounded (bruised right thigh). But there aren't many troops left. The Dodgers are fighting for the title without Reggie Smith, gone since late July with an injured shoulder, and Bill Russell, gone since Sept. 12 with a broken index finger on his throwing hand. And, if anything, matters got worse for the Dodgers last week. Thursday, playing without Ron Cey (bruised right thumb), L.A. lost to the virtually powerless Giants 3–2, as Burt Hooton, suffering his third consecutive loss, gave up homers to Terry Whitfield and Darrell Evans. Then over the weekend the last-place Padres beat the Dodgers two out of three, and Los Angeles slipped two full games behind the Astros, who were in good shape and looking better.

While L.A. faltered, Houston, peopled mostly by relative unknowns, proved itself equal to pennant pressure, pouncing hungrily on every Cincinnati mistake. And the Reds made a few. On Friday night Joe Morgan, who is playing every day in the stretch drive—for the Astros, remember, not the Reds—walked and advanced to third on two infield grounders. It appeared he would advance no farther when Jose Cruz looped a soft fly to shallow leftfield. George Foster misjudged the ball's flight, however, stopping short in the bope of avoiding an AstroTurf hop that would send the ball bounding over his head. He stood transfixed as the ball hung in the air for an embarrassingly long time and dropped 10 feet in front of him. Morgan scored the only run that winning Pitcher Vern Ruhle required.

That was an error of omission. On Saturday the Reds would be undone by an error of commission. Cincy's Mario Soto bad pitched hitless ball through the first four innings and seemed to be gaining strength. Then in the fifth, with one out, the Astros' Dennis Walling beat out an infield hit, a high bouncer over second. The next hitter, Alan Ashby, lofted a fly ball to right centerfield. Centerfielder Dave Collins and Rightfielder Ken Griffey, two of the fastest men in the league, converged on it. They were too fast for their own good, arriving almost simultaneously at the point where the ball would land. Ordinarily, the centerfielder has priority on such occasions, but Griffey didn't hear Collins call him off until too late. Unable to stop himself, Griffey approached his teammate just as the ball did. "I took my eyes off it for a second and you just can't do that in this park," a disconsolate Collins said, referring to the difficulty of following the flight of the ball against the Astrodome ceiling. The ball trickled off his glove just as Griffey, desperately skidding to a stop, backed into him. Walling advanced to third and Ashby to second on the error, and both seored when Craig Reynolds grounded a double down the rightfield line past a drawn-in infield. And that was all the scoring Joe Niekro, who pitched 7⅔ shutout innings, and Reliever Dave Smith, who pitched the final one and a third, needed.

The Astros have also had their share of ills this season, most notably the stroke that disabled their best pitcher, J.R. Rich-

Morgan has inspired Houston with his leadership and hot bat





Highlight of a Lopes homer: a high five from Derrel Thomas

ard. His near-tragedy had a profound effect on his teammates, and they fell into a slump. On Aug. 14, after the Astros had lost three in a row to the Giants, Morgan reluctantly asserted himself and presided over a players-only meeting. "We got some things straightened out," Morgan says, dismissing the impact of his own contribution. Others said Morgan half-apologized for his own mediocre season to that point and urged his teammates to forget the past and play like champions. They promptly did, winning their next 10 games.

The Astros may also be reaping the benefits of last year's division race. Out of the running for much of their 18-year history, they challenged the Reds to the tape, finishing a game and a half behind. It was a heady experience for a team unaccustomed to late-season tension. "Last year we walked around in awe of ourselves," says Niekro. "This year we started out knowing we could win it." Morgan, a star on the mighty Cincy clubs of the mid-'70s, has given his new teammates even more pennant-race savoir faire. He struggled through the first two-thirds of the season, hitting in the low .200s and sharing second base with the incumbent, Rafael Landestoy. But he was at the ready with his poise and passion when Manager Bill Virdon called on him for the late going. Through Sunday, he had hit in 25 of his last 33 games, and his .300 average over that span had helped Houston to a 22–9 record. His on-base percentage since becoming a fixture in the leadoff slot on Aug. 11—following a treacherous trial in the middle of the order—has been .402.

Virdon, meanwhile, has done a skillful job of juggling a roster of players of nearly equal ability. Through Sunday the team's three middle infielders, Landestoy, Morgan and Reynolds, had appeared in approximately the same number of games—Landestoy 142, Morgan 134 and Reynolds 130. With Morgan playing regularly, however, Landestoy's recent contributions have been largely confined to late-inning defensive relief. In the Virdon system, only Cruz in left, Cesar Cedeno in center and Enos Cabell at third are regulars in the conventional sense.

The Astros are deepest of all in their pitching. Relievers Smith, Joe Sambito and Frank LaCorte have appeared in more than 50 games apiece, and each has an ERA of less than three. Sambito has 17 saves, and Smith and LaCorte 10 each. The millionaire starter, Nolan Ryan, has won only 10 games against nine losses, but Virdon insists he has "kept us in every game he has started." The team's record in games Ryan has worked is 21–12. Niekro won his 18th last Saturday, and Ruhle, who had pitched a three-hitter against the Giants in his previous start, won his 11th last Friday. Ruhle had back surgery as recently as last season, but this year he is pitching without pain, except to opposing batsmen. Ruhle is a control artist who has walked only 28 batters in 148⅓ innings. He is so consistently around the plate, in fact, that even the most prudent of hitters are tempted to swing at his first offering. The first three Reds to face him—Collins, Griffey and Dave Concepcion—were first-pitch outs. Says Ruhle, "I believe a hitter is either on or out in three pitches."

Ruhle is quick to admit that he is no substitute for Richard, whose place he has taken in the rotation. "I could never fill his shoes," he says. "When J.R. left, we had to start pulling together. We had to play aggressive defense. We knew we couldn't just sit back and watch that man throw the ball, getting his 15 strikeouts."

Richard didn't throw the ball on Saturday, but he did appear in the Dome for the first time since he was stricken. After nearly two months, he is out of the hospital, recuperating at home. On Saturday he stepped out of the Astros' dugout to tumultuous cheering from a crowd of 40,305 and carried the team's lineup card to home plate, walking slowly but without a noticeable limp. His eyes were downcast as he addressed the fans from a field microphone. "I'm very glad to be here. I'd rather be in no other place than Houston, Texas at this time. . . . I'll be back for the World Series."

It should come as no surprise that the Astros won on that day. **END**



J.R.'s return to the Dome set the stage for a Houston win





IT WAS BLOOD, SWEAT AND BEERS

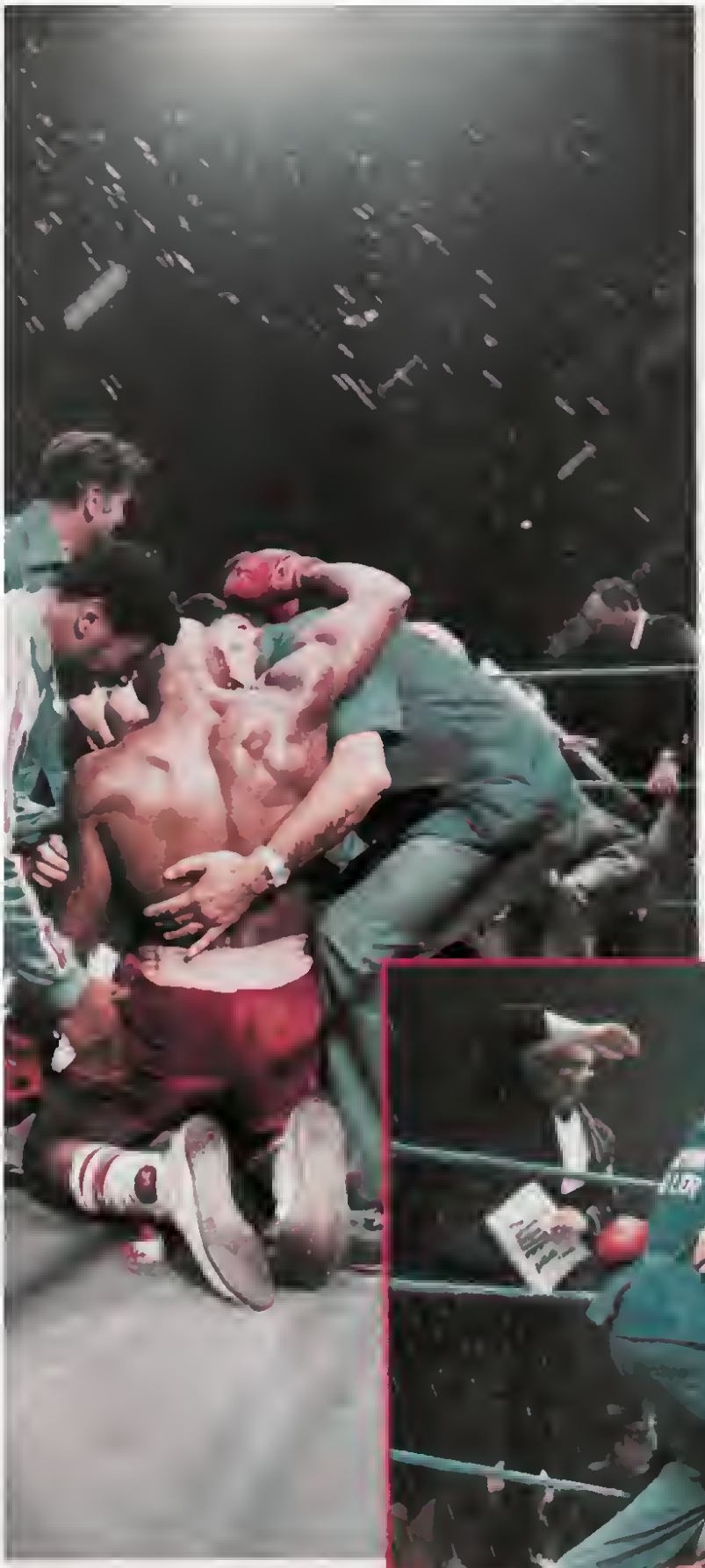
Marvin Hagler's defeat of Alan Minter set off a barrage of bottles in London

by CLIVE GAMMON

At close to midnight last Saturday, at Bailey's Hotel in London, Marvin Hagler, the new, undisputed middleweight champion of the world, grinned hugely and then pulled on a pint mug of English ale. "Putting some fluid back in my body," he explained. Which also seemed to be the undivided aim of the contingent of 20 or so of his townsfolk from Brockton, Mass., who had traveled to England to cheer him on.

That they all needed a bit of fluid with some potency was understandable. Only now, and slowly, were they beginning to relax from a frightening experience. Somewhat more than an hour earlier, just after Hagler had taken the title from England's Alan Minter in slightly less than nine blood-bespattered minutes of fighting, exultation had abruptly changed to terror as the ugliest crowd ever to show up at Wembley Arena—10,000 strong, many high on booze and crude chauvinism—viciously turned on the visiting Americans and their champion.

To set the scene: 1:45 into Round 3 Minter is bleeding from four terrible cuts, two near each eye, and there is no need to consult the ring doctor about stopping the bout. Minter's manager, Doug Bidwell, concedes the instant Referee Carlos Berrocal steps in to wave Hagler away and take a closer look at Minter's gory face. Hagler goes down on his knees in a



Borg-style gesture of thanksgiving but he can barely rise again because beer bottles, many half full, start to rain down on the ring, and a horrifying ululation of howls and boos fills the arena.

"I went down low and my guys protected me," Hagler recalled over his ale at Bailey's. His handlers had done it by forming a human blanket. Goody Petronelli, Hagler's trainer and co-manager, was hit by a bottle. Quickly, helmeted bobbies moved in—"It was beautiful to see them," said Petronelli—and they, with the cornermen, formed a phalanx and herded Hagler safely through the ropes. They would never have made it all the way to the dressing room through that murderous crowd. Instead, they went into a tunnel under the north balcony and straight into police security headquarters.

Meanwhile, up in the south *continued*

Hagler dropped to his knees in celebration of stopping Minter in the third round to win the middleweight title, but before he could rise the bottles began whistling into the ring, and his seconds turned from celebrants to bodyguards as they hastily formed a protective cordon around him.

balcony Rita Kechejian, who is the wife of Nishan Kechejian, Hagler's personal physician, had made the mistake of holding up a modest banner that read BRING IT HOME TO BROCKTON, MARVIN! "They ripped our sign down and frightened us," she said, stunned. Bertha Hagler, Marvin's wife, was sitting beside Rita and had been equally shaken. She wisely kept the handkerchief-sized American flag she had planned to wave at the moment of victory tucked inside her pocketbook. Although, mercifully, none of the Brockton 20 in the stands had come to physical harm, each of them had a horror story to tell of how, apparently, Britain's endemic soccer violence had spilled over into boxing.

"I was scared, panicking," Petronelli said later. "I'd been warned that we'd hear a lot of noise, but I never expected the bottle throwing. Not in England. And then, when we finally got to the limo, they'd smashed the windshield. Thank God we weren't in it then." It was fortunate also that the besieged Hagler entourage didn't run into that part of the mob outside that was chanting the obscene racist slogans of the National Front, Britain's version of the Ku Klux Klan. It was a tainted night for Hagler, a disastrous one for Minter and a shameful one for England.

A crowd is a blunt weapon, though, and it has to be honed before it becomes as dangerous as this one was. Perhaps contributing a bit to the mob madness was the thought of Johnny Owen, the Welsh bantamweight, still lying in a coma in a Los Angeles hospital after being knocked out in the 12th round of his title match the week before against champion Lupe Pintor. British newspapers had widely reported how, unconscious and bleeding from the mouth, Owen had been pelted by beer bottles as he lay in the ring.

But much of the ugliness at Wembley could be laid directly at the feet of Minter. In front of too many people with notebooks the champion had announced in early September, "I am not letting any black man take the title from me." He claimed to have been angered by Hagler's alleged refusal to shake hands as the two were introduced in the ring in Las Vegas last November when Hagler fought a controversial draw with then-champion Vito Antuofermo. Kevin Finnegan, a former European middleweight champion, said he had gotten the same treatment from Hagler at that fight, accompanied by the memorable words, "I don't touch white flesh."

In subsequent days, though, some fence-mending was done. Minter decided that what he actually said was "*that* black man," and Hagler, nattily outfitted in a three-piece pinstripe suit, presented himself to the British press and told reporters that his non-handshaking was non-racial: he never shakes hands with a fighter he might meet in the ring one day.

And the civil Hagler seems the true Hagler, outside the ring at least. He is gentle-spoken, articulate and quick-witted. Why does he shave his skull? Well, he had four sisters and they never let him get at the comb. How did he feel about fighting abroad? Why, he never fights broads; he has too much respect for them.

Hagler is more sensitive, too, than he was given credit for. All week he had asked for news of Owen; he had heard on Friday night that the Welshman had been operated on a second time to relieve intracranial pressure and that his vital signs were "unstable." Hagler constantly questioned his sport as he worked out in a gym located over a pub in the area of South London known as Lavender Hill, which had been made famous by that Alec Guinness movie. "What's wrong?" Hagler wanted to know. "Are we training boxers wrong? Putting them in the ring prepared wrong?"

Hagler also spoke of the uniquely undivided—none of this WBA-WBC stuff—middleweight title he had come so close to winning from Antuofermo in Las Vegas, a deed Minter had accomplished with a split-decision victory last March. "I could almost taste the title that time," Hagler said. "Watch the tape and see how I won it. Easy. Know what I did? I softened Antuofermo up. Minter just beat what was left of him." Hagler might have had a right to be bitter about that decision which left him with an uncrowned-champion label. Before meeting Antuofermo, Hagler had lost only twice in 53 bouts, both on decisions, both early in '76, both reversed in rematches.

Minter's career has been far more patchy. 39 wins, five losses—all on cuts—and one no contest. In the last six years, though, Minter, a restaurateur in Crawley, some 30 miles south of London, had lost only twice and his fortunes had flourished after he won the title from Antuofermo and then demolished him in a June rematch at Wembley. Since then he had become a national hero in England. You can't take the subway in London without seeing him featured on a poster advertising sports clothes

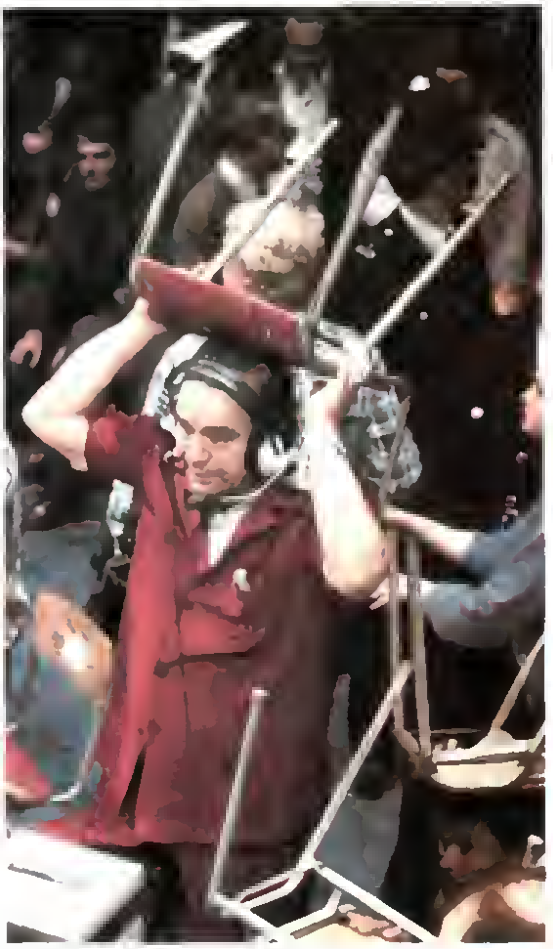


Minter's ill-advised charges resulted in his face turning into a bloody mask by the third round

with the caption THE COOL TASTE OF MINT. Minter's purse for Saturday night was said to be $500,000—Hagler would get only a quarter of that—and a successful defense of his title would bring Minter such goodies as a $1 million contract for endorsements by Sasson, the leisure-wear company.

"Yeah, well," Minter said coldly of Hagler during one of his own training sessions, "he blew his big chance in Vegas, didn't 'e?" The champion's much-photographed blue eyes were cold, the expression that of a bank manager turning down a loan applicant. "I don't think the guy's all that genuine. He couldn't end Antuofermo. He's a gym fighter. He's unbelievable in the gym, but the moves he makes in the ring don't compare."

In London if one wants an unbiased opinion, one goes to the betting shops. By Saturday morning the bookies were giving 4–5 Minter and even money Hagler, one would need a very fine blade to slice that.



Even at the height of the London blitz brave broadcasters carried on

And on Saturday night at Wembley, the crowd began to chant Minter's name shortly after the start of the undercard. The spectators were hyped up enough as it was without the chauvinistic rabble-rousing that Promoters Harry (The Hoarse) Levene and Mickey Duff seemed to consider necessary for the occasion: the five Royal Marines in full ceremonial dress playing fanfares on silver bugles; the dramatic blacking out of the hall; the bathing of Minter in spotlights as he came out of his dressing room; the hugely oversized Union Jack and Banner of St. George of England that accompanied Minter to the ring; his attendants in Union Jack-patterned outfits.

It had a maddening effect on the crowd, maybe even some on Minter, but clearly none at all on Hagler, who simply turned into his corner and loosened up. Hagler, the pundits had declared, would carry the fight hard to Minter in the first five or six rounds, while the champion would hang in, box cautiously, contain Hagler, and then come forth in the second half of the fight when the American's alleged lack of staying power would let Minter go in for the kill.

It didn't happen at all like that. Minter had long ago learned not to crash in at the start, not to lose his temper the first time he was hit. That, at least, was what he and Bidwell kept saying. This was the new, ice-cool Mint, the planner, the strategist.

But Hagler had said in the Lavender Hill gym a couple of days before, "I see the way they've got Minter all hyped up. I wouldn't like that. My pace is medium pace."

And from the bell, a clever medium pace was all Hagler needed. In came Minter, wildly, throwing rights, only to encounter Hagler's left jab. Minter probably won that first round, but at the end of it his face was red and starting to swell. Ominously, there was a small cut alongside his left eye. Jackie McCoy, the cut man Bidwell had imported from Los Angeles, had to start work far sooner than expected.

In the second round, rushing in again, Minter had the crowd screaming as his jabs pushed Hagler back, but the challenger's counterpunching was steady. Now Minter's left eye and nose were bleeding, and there was a more pronounced desperation in his wildness. "I told Marvin," Petronelli said later, " 'Just keep that snapping speed going. He isn't going to last as long as we thought.' I just couldn't believe how Minter was trying to force the fight. Coming after Marvin, the damn fool. We did our damage and kept back."

The damage, by the end of the second round, was almost more than Minter's corner could handle in the one-minute break, and by the middle of the third. Hagler was hitting the champion at will. Minter was blinded by a reopened cut over his left eye, and a final, fearsome right uppercut brought the referee between them with about 75 seconds left in the round. Then came the tumult, and a new champion who wasn't proclaimed but smuggled out of the ring, leaving the dazed and defeated Minter with his handlers, who tried to stanch wounds that later would require 17 stitches.

At Bailey's, as the bad memories faded and the joy sank in, as Hagler in his best three-piece pinstripe moved around the room to shake hands, there was no one more happy than Promoter Bob Arum. "I finally got me a winner," he exulted. "Big John Tate, Marvin Johnson, Sugar Ray Leonard, they all went down. But this is the end of the ignominy." Delighted, like a child with a box of chocolates, Arum began to pick through future opponents for Hagler. Fulgencio Obel, the No. 2 contender from Venezuela; Ruben Pardo from Argentina; Mustafa Hamsho, who fights out of New York. He thought for a while, and then, suddenly, said, "Antuofermo."

Antuofermo?

"That draw with Marvin," Arum said defensively. And, indeed, there across the room was Vito himself. Challenged, he replied, also defensively, "I'd like to. I'm having an operation on my eyes."

For Minter, though, nobody held out a chance. No rematch, said Arum. "Marvin would do this to him every time." It certainly looked like it. But even if he gets another shot, it seems quite likely that Minter's days of trumpets and banners are over. **END**



The Colorado football team is winless, the sports programs are going bust, but Chuck Fairbanks has his $50,000 office

by **DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

THERE AIN'T NO MORE GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS

Last Saturday in Boulder, Colo. was idyllic. *Nothing* was wrong. Even the Chamber of Commerce couldn't quibble. Here was the University of Colorado, a beautiful campus in a splendid setting, bathed in clear, dry, 80° weather. Sunlight glistened off the Front Range of the Rockies, the changing aspen were at their peak of glory in the high country, and the students were everywhere, doing everything. A collegiate Camelot.

Whoops. Not quite. The Colorado football team dropped its third straight game, losing to Indiana 49–7, but, worse than that, the entire athletic program was running at a deficit that threatens its very existence. The best analysis of this black cloud was offered by Fred Casotti, Colorado's associate athletic director, who has been a member of the staff for 28 years. "I've seen the good times, the bad times and the in-between times," he said. "But nothing like these times."

Nobody has. The Buffaloes' once proud athletic program, with its national-championship-contending football team, is in near ruins, the result of unmonitored, unplanned and uncontrolled spending. Who's to blame? One of the prime suspects is Athletic Director Eddie Crowder, who is being accused of fiscal and administrative incompetence. He has been put on probation by the university president, Arnold Weber, who also docked him a month's vacation as a disciplinary measure, saying, "There wasn't an environment of managerial discipline or accountability in athletics."

The other suspect is the football coach, Chuck Fairbanks, whose personality, or lack thereof, has earned him the nickname "Stone." He is being scored as a non-stop, out-of-control spender. Did he really need a brand-new pair of shoes for each game? Did he really have to spend $50,000 to have his office redone? And how about the remodeling of the Buffaloes' locker- and weight-room facilities at a cost of $624,000 when the estimate was $125,000? Asked by the *Rocky Mountain News* about his free ways with other peo-

continued

Thirsting for the best of Canada?



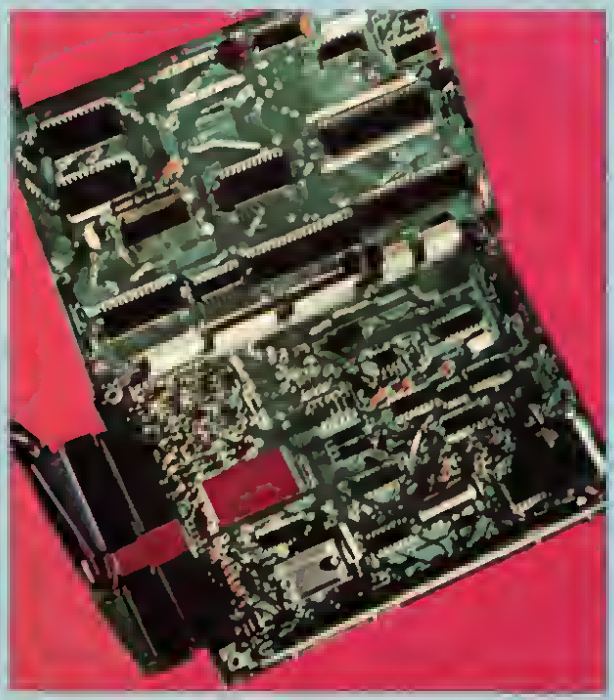
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ple's money. Fairbanks exploded. "I don't even understand this line of questioning," he said. "It chaps my ass."

From January 1979 to June 1980, the athletic department spent hundreds of thousands of dollars more than it took in. The best estimate puts the excess at $667,000 for the last fiscal year. The overall deficit was $819,943 going into the current fiscal year, but that was after the Flatirons Club—a bunch of high-rolling boosters—kicked in $300,000 out of what was supposed to be an endowment fund.

Four months ago, when it was estimated that the athletic-program deficit would exceed $1 million in 1980-81, the university axed seven of its intercollegiate sports. That's the most severe chop by any major school, leaving Colorado with eight varsity teams, the minimum number needed to qualify for Division I.

The Colorado football team is also bankrupt spiritually and physically. Trichampion of the Big Eight only four seasons ago, it is now a disgrace. Last year, Fairbanks' first, the Buffaloes were 3–8. This season, in their opener against UCLA, they fell behind 56–0 by halftime. They lost 23–20 to LSU a week later and then last Saturday, in their first home game, rolled over for Indiana. In Crowder's subdued private booth his wife, Jean, watched the score mount to 35–0 by halftime and said, "Gee, that's too bad. We haven't played all that badly." Wrong. Colorado had played worse than badly, but Indiana was being a good guest and not running it up.

As a result of such ineptitude, fans are losing interest in droves. As recently as 1972, students bought 14,442 season tickets; this season they have purchased only a few more than 5,500. Plus, they're irked by the implementation of a $10-a-semester fee to help get the athletic program out of hock. The faculty attitude, says Jack Kent Anderson, a member of the Board of Regents, is worse. "If we let the faculty vote," says Anderson, "they'd wipe out football immediately."

Attendance at home games has fallen from a 1976 average of 50,032 to last year's 44,326, and that translates into a loss of revenue for a season of $342,360. Last Saturday, the Indiana game drew only 40,129. In 1979, football took in $1,862,640, $300,000 less than anticipated, and spent $1,910,948.

And, finally, the NCAA is winding up an investigation in which it has made 132 allegations of wrongdoing by Colorado over the last decade. The university has investigated itself and admitted guilt on 50 of the charges, including one in which Colorado concluded a coach was "overly involved in aiding a student-athlete to complete a term paper." The NCAA is expected to announce the penalties, if any, later this fall. Even more damning is the school investigating committee's conclusion that there is "a serious lack of commitment on the part of the university to recruit only potentially academically successful student-athletes."

Colorado's decline started when Bill Mallory, who wasn't a strong recruiter, was coach. He was fired in 1978, and the chance arose to get Fairbanks, then the highly successful head man of the New England Patriots. The Buffs got him, which is to say, the Buffs stole him. That incensed Patriot owner Billy Sullivan, who himself had stolen Fairbanks from Oklahoma. Acrimony ran wild, and Colorado, through the Flatirons Club, headed by Denver oilman Jack Vickers, had to ransom Fairbanks from his New England contract. That cost $200,000, plus $100,000 in legal fees. Essentially, a recruiting season was lost.

But Fairbanks finally arrived, and the state was thrilled. "We were so proud," says one Coloradoan. "We had hired God, and he would lead us to victory over Oklahoma. So he comes in and loses to Drake." However, before it was discovered that Fairbanks might be flawed as a deity figure, he said he had to remodel the Buffs' 12-year-old dressing room. Ring up $620,000. "The place looked shabby," says Fairbanks. So must have his office. Ring up $50,000.

Ah, yes. The Office. Nothing could have infuriated Coloradoans more. Amid a wave of cost-cutting, King Chuck is ensconced regally while the amount of money used to gussy up his place would have kept the men's gymnastics team on the bars and mats for a year. The Office. It has carpeting you would love—trust us—in your house. It has that barnlike paneling you want in your den but can't afford; it has indirect lighting, elegant furniture, a wet bar, a microwave. And the desk! Chuck, what is it? Fairbanks, colder than the winds that whip across the Front Range in winter, says, "It looks like pine to me. I don't know."

In fairness, some other coaches have nicely turned-out offices, too. But also in fairness, in this year's competition for Office You'd Most Like to Have, Fairbanks wins. And none of those other coaches fall behind 56–0 at halftime.

The Office. They'll never let him forget it. But, darned if he doesn't look like he belongs in it. He rests a cowboy boot across the corner of the pine(?) desk, he smokes Marlboros, he drinks black coffee. And he looks, he stares, he plots, he calculates. "Before you ask anything, the whole story is on the wall," he says.

In a way it is. For there are three pictures of derelict cowboys, as down and out as humanity allows. In the first picture one says, "I put all my profits back into ranch improvements." The next picture has one saying, "If this business is so damned good, how come there ain't more people in it?" And in the third one—Fairbanks' favorite—one of the cowboys says, "Reckon we'll just have to tighten our belts."

And then he starts talking. Slowly. More slowly than the slowest speaker you've ever heard in your life. Grass growing? Indeed, when somebody says hello, Fairbanks seems stuck for an answer. Around the university it's said, very softly, that Fairbanks has had the world's only successful charisma bypass operation. That hurts him because while his coaching ability is unquestioned—his numbers at Oklahoma (52–15–1) and New England (31–13 in his last three seasons) speak for themselves—his personality needs a little work. With an innocent smile and sly tongue, he could quip away a lot of the dollars—which are athletic-department dollars, not taxpayer funds. Lee Corso, the flamboyant Indiana coach, offered this advice in a discussion of Stone's demeanor: "Humor is not a sign of weakness."

Fairbanks started things off at Colorado—this is his second season—by refusing to speak to the Boulder Buff Club, a group of boosters who pay to belong to the club, pay for their lunches, donate to the football program. They care about Colorado football. This year, wisely, Fairbanks has relented. But his talks have club members nodding off. He sounds nice enough but he doesn't say anything. His delivery doesn't stir the juices and get folks reaching for their checkbooks. The highlight of his talk last Thursday at the Flatirons Country Club came when he looked over the crowd of 127 (compared to 45 the week before) and said, "Damn. I hope we don't win one or we'll have to get a bigger hall." All the boys

continued

fell off their chairs laughing at that one, probably because they knew it was going to be their only chance to yuk it up.

But Fairbanks does get high marks for candor.

What shape is the football program in?

Pause. Pause. Pause. "It's an embarrassment for our football program to be in the condition this one is."

How good is Colorado?

Pause. Pause. Pause. "Not very good."

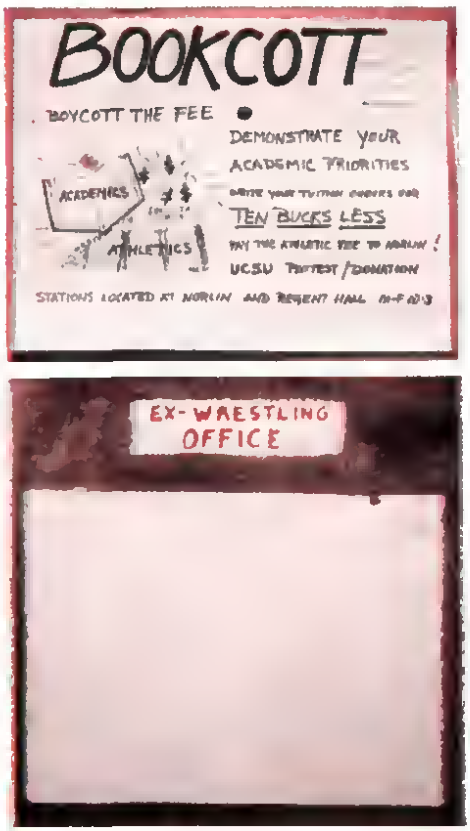
And when the athletic department made the panicky move last April of stopping all spending—President Weber told Crowder, "You put the clamps on, and if you don't, I'll really have the red ass"—Fairbanks donated two months' salary, about $7,500 based on his $45,000 yearly wage, to keep recruiting going. The good ol' Flatirons Club, which has contributed around $2 million to Colorado football over the last 15 years, kicked in another $50,000.

Fairbanks seems to have a knack for getting zapped on trivial matters. Like wearing those new shoes last year. Nobody knows why. "He thinks that's what going first class means," one Colorado fan suggests. He also, according to a locker-room source, insisted on wearing a coaching shirt only twice. Not twice before washing. Twice in his—and its—lifetime. Then there was the matter of the futuristic buffalo emblem he wanted designed for the helmets. When it was done, he didn't like it, but it still cost $1,600. So the helmets remain buffalo-less. Says one administration source, "Whatever Chuck wants, Chuck gets, and Chuck wants a lot. He has no limits unless somebody tells him." Fairbanks sniffs, "The football program is the foundation of this corporation. So you must insure the success of the bell cow."

When Weber called Fairbanks in to talk budgetary matters, Weber recalls that "I told him everybody has to accept fiscal discipline, including the football coach. I can't say he showed signs of exultation." This year's football budget is about $1.59 million, some $300,000 less than last year's. But Weber was quick to refute the notion that Fairbanks' ego might not fit in any room on the Colorado campus: "I reject that idea. Coaches, like faculty members, do have strong egos. The trick is to use those egos and not let them use you."

Still, it seems incongruous that in the face of severe cost-cutting, of watching every penny slavishly, Fairbanks last week was pulling out an architect's drawing of—you guessed it—a stadium expansion. It would add 10,000 seats (to the present 52,005) and would cost $6 million. Fairbanks says the seats will be needed because "without being egotistical, there are people who believe I can rebuild."

Weber places the blame for the Colorado catastrophe on three things. The first is the cost of women's athletics (around $500,000 last year), and it is in this area that the $10 student's fee will be applied. The second is the cost of paying off the new $7.75 million Events/Conference Center, which is primarily for basketball. When an ill-fated fund-raising drive rounded up only $200,000 toward the cost of the building, the bill was dumped on Crowder's desk. That meant another $350,000 a year. Both of these big expenditures hit for the first time last year. The third is what Weber calls a "lack of managerial controls." That points the finger at two people, former president Roland Rautenstraus, whose philosophy wasn't to say no but to wait until tomorrow, and at Crowder.



On the campus, these are the signs of the times

Crowder coached the Buffaloes from 1963 through 1973, including the glorious 1971 season when Nebraska, Oklahoma and Colorado were ranked 1, 2, 3 in the nation. Crowder was a tremendous recruiter, which is how it happened that the Buffs were always right at the top when it came to getting players drafted by the pros. Understandably he is ticked at the fire-Eddie mutterings. He takes a big puff on a big cigar and says, "When I came here in 1963 and they were dead broke and I worked 18 hours a day and made them money, they liked me fine. And they thought I was fine for 15 years. Then they loaded my back till it broke—mainly Title IX [women's athletics] and the Events Center—and now it's open season on me."

Sure is. Boulder real estate executive and sports fan Ken Penfold says, "Crowder brought on the mess, and you don't have to look any further. Our athletic program is the laughingstock of the country. He has shown no ability whatsoever to administer." Management Professor Dale Meyer, who was on a committee looking into athletics, says, "Somebody has to be responsible, and that's Crowder. He has to stand up and be counted."

The facts indicate that administration and financial acumen aren't Crowder's strong suits; fund raising and one-on-one persuasion are. Under his non-direction—and sometimes inattention—everyone had his own drum and marched to it. Crowder says he learned a lesson by this experience and by reading somewhere that the way to get an honest police force is to spend a lot of time finding honest cops.

Weber says he hasn't fired Crowder because "he has spent 17½ years here, during which, by and large, he performed well. There is enough blame in this thing for everybody. And I believe in the concept of progressive discipline because there are steps between exoneration and beheading." The vacation docking embarrassed Crowder, but he told Weber, "That's O.K. I haven't been on vacation for seven or eight years anyway." Reflecting on having his hands slapped, Crowder said, "I'm not a morbid kind of personality.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY STAVER



Although the baseball team has been shut out, Infielder Wing and wife pitch in to manicure the field

If I have a bad day, I go have a drink with friends."

Minor sports clearly had a bad day on June 11. That was when men's baseball and wrestling, and men's and women's gymnastics, and swimming and diving were dropped. This would save around $350,000. The overall athletic budget was trimmed from more than $4 8 million to $4 175 million. Gymnastics Coach Sid Freudenstein says, "I've never felt so abused in my life."

It was sudden. Larry Schultz, the baseball coach, who is now an assistant at Iowa State, says, "We always preach to our players that the game isn't over until it's over. The problem is we didn't even know we were in a game." One of Schultz' starters, Infielder Mike Wing, was left without a team, and he's working to get his sport restored on a club basis, "The national pastime deserves to be played here," he says. "It's hard to realize you're through as an athlete when you've had no warning. Besides, I don't consider baseball a minor sport." But Crowder, who was all for the cuts, counters, "The average attendance at their games was 12. Nobody cares."

The crux of the matter is that football pays for everything else at most schools. (Of course, now it doesn't even pay its own way at Colorado.) Sometimes basketball is about a wash. Everything else loses, and there are those who wonder if the non-revenue sports should be contested on an intercollegiate basis. There were 81 men participating in the sports that were cut at Colorado, 22 women. Weber shakes his head and says, "It wasn't my dream that I would make my niche in the history of this university as the man who cut out seven sports."

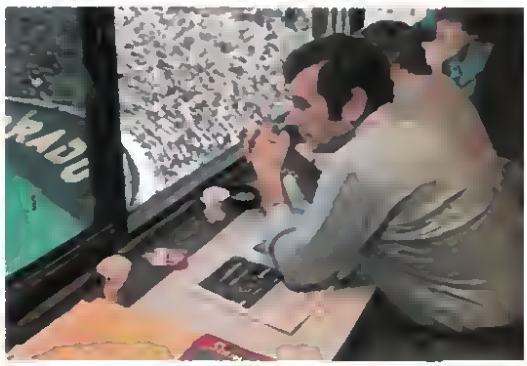
Other schools aren't snickering at Colorado's problems because they know that there, but for the grace of God, go they. Already representatives of 10 major universities have gone calling on Don Canham, the University of Michigan athletic director, who runs one of the most successful programs in the country. "They're all on the brink," he says. And Canham isn't smug about his $9 million operation. His job is to fill 101,701 seats with paying customers for each home football game; because he is the best huckster in the nation and because Michigan usually wins, he gets it done. But he says if attendance should fall to 90,000, "we're in big trouble." At Nebraska, it's the same way. As long as sellouts of 76,000 remain a way of life, all's well. But at 65,000? "Trouble," says Athletic Director Bob Devaney.

The trend in college sport isn't a happy one. In the past year 33 teams competing in 14 different sports have been dropped. Among the biggies, wrestling has been abolished at UCLA, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Utah; baseball is gone at SMU. Weber, who took over at Colorado last January and who fortunately has a wry streak, says, "If things keep going this way, Oklahoma and Nebraska can play each other eight times a year. It would be high-quality football but perhaps a little dull."

Which is what Colorado football is right now. The Buffs are a lot of things, primarily inept. "Fans don't come to see you play," says Crowder, "they come to see you win." If true, Colorado will play to a full load of empty seats as the fall progresses.

There was nothing to commend the Colorado effort against Indiana. In the midst of these dreadful times for CU—even the Colorado flag girls wear black—it was ironic that Indiana Quarterback Tim Clifford threw for five touchdown passes to set a record for most scoring throws by a Colorado opponent. The old mark of four was set Oct. 27, 1951 by an Oklahoma quarterback: Eddie Crowder.

After the game, Fairbanks had the look of a haunted man, the look of a talented coach who wonders how in the world he ever got himself into this mess. There are a lot of rumors around Colorado that Fairbanks will leave at the end of this season and that Crowder may be shuffled to another job. Both vigorously deny it. But if there's a light at the end of the tunnel, it must have blown a fuse, because it's awful dark in here. **END**



President Weber spots another Buffalo boo-boo.



Athletic Director Crowder lost vacation time



Helmet decals, never worn, wasted $1,600



Washington's voluble Joe Theismann sports this gaudy ring on his pinkie, but he wants a real Super Bowl job

A MOUTH THAT ROARS

by RAY KENNEDY

Excuse me," says the intrepid reporter. "Could you tell me where I might find Joe Theismann?"

The question seems to stun the attendants at the Redskins' practice field. Finally, with the air of a tour guide being asked the whereabouts of that big pointy thing called the Washington Monument, one elderly guard smiles indulgently and, without uttering a word, cups his hand to his ear. The message is clear: one doesn't have to *find* a quarterback who comes on like the Metroliner rolling in from Philly; one merely has to listen for the rumble and the roar of the Hollywood Joe Aerial Circus & Scrambling Road Show.

And sure enough, heard before he is seen, Theismann comes chugging out of the locker room with members of the news media in pursuit, wisecracking and waving to his assembled fans, signing autographs, tweaking children's cheeks, winking at the pretty girls and hugging giggling matrons while their husbands gleefully click away with their Instamatics. "I like being recognized," he says. "I like making people happy."

As always, Theismann gravitates to the TV lights and the still photographers' strobes like a moth to flame, inquiring of each newsman, "Hey, want anything from me?" They do, of course they do, perhaps because they are mindful of what befell a radio reporter who once had the temerity to say, "No, thanks"; undeterred, Theismann snatched the fellow's tape recorder, popped it on and did a lengthy self-interview about the Redskins' prospects and how he would personally see to it that they brought honor and glory to the banks of the Potomac.

Reserve Quarterback Mike Kruczek, a new Redskin acquisition who thought he had seen everything in four seasons of backing up Terry Bradshaw at Pittsburgh, decided otherwise when he first caught Theismann's act and barbed welcome. "Hey, Mike, will you let us try on your Super Bowl rings?" Agape, Kruczek whispered to a team official, "Is he *always* like this?"

Yes, and even more so when a rival sharpshooter rides into town and needs to be set straight about who's the No. 1 gun in Redskin country. "Remember, I've played behind some pretty tough guys," says Theismann. "And when you've been an officer in Patton's army, you learn how to protect your flanks."

Theismann is alluding to the four "agoozing" years he spent playing orderly to battle-scarred veterans Sonny Jurgensen and Billy Kilmer under the command of Field Marshal George von Allen. It hurts Theismann to talk about what it was like being "the new kid in the NFL's retirement home," but it's all glow when he talks about being at the controls of the Hollywood Joe Super Bowl Express. Just ask him.

"Hello, Joe," says the intrepid reporter, readying the first of his 86 in-depth questions. "How are you?"

"Fantastic," says Theismann. "After all those frustrating years on the sidelines, being a starting quarterback in the NFL is a dream come true. Yeah, I paid my dues—with interest. You can't believe the torture, the mental anguish. I never doubted my ability. I doubted that I'd ever get the chance to show my wares.

"Listen, I love a challenge. Like when I was a 5′ 10″, 148-pound quarterback at South River [N.J.] High. I was set to go to North Carolina State until some newspaper guy said Little Joe would get killed if he went to Notre Dame. That ticked me off, and I said, 'I'll show them.' So I went to Notre Dame and only set 23 records, including most interceptions."

"Yes, well," says the intrepid report-



No 98-pound weakling, Little Joe is the first to tell you that he can do 405 pounds in the squat.



Of his exuberance on the gridiron, Theismann says, "Inside every NFL player there is a little boy."

er, "but tell me, as the foremost practitioner of the floating pocket, do you feel. . . ."

"Same thing in the 1971 pro draft," says Theismann. "I was 177 pounds by then and still growing, but they said I was too small to play in the NFL. That's why I didn't go until the fourth round. Miami drafted me as a backup for Bob Griese, but, heck, he was young and in his prime, and I wanted to play right away. So I went with the Toronto Argonauts in the Canadian league. And what happens? In 1972 Griese breaks his leg and Earl Morrall, the backup they got in my place, gets to take over. The Dolphins win two straight Super Bowls while I'm running around up in Canada. Seeing as Morrall got my two championship rings, I had my own pinkie ring made up. It's a gold No. 7, my number, surrounded by three small diamonds to remind me how intelligent I am."

"I see," says the intrepid reporter. "Well, when you came to Washington you said it was the happiest day. . . ."

"Sure, they already had two great quarterbacks in Sonny and Billy," says Theismann. "But Sonny was 40, Billy was 35, and I figured I'd spend a season or two learning from them and then get my shot. Little did I know that when they went out drinking, they were partaking of the Fountain of Youth.

"To tell the truth, I never learned much from them. They didn't offer and I wasn't asking. That's not my way. Especially after Sonny retired in 1975. That left Billy, and my relationship with him I wouldn't wish on anyone. It wasn't antagonistic, just empty. We never argued, never had words. In fact, we never spoke. Talk about alienation! Try sitting in meetings week after week and having no one talk to you. That's alienation."

"Yes, but, in the big picture," says the intrepid reporter, "wasn't Allen. . . ?"

"A lot of my problems were self-inflicted," says Theismann. "Remember, I came into this city a very heralded young man. The media all said, 'Hey, here comes the new kid, the savior.' Trouble was, I started believing it. I got caught up in me. At practice I'd throw the ball 15 feet over a guy's head and then yell at him for not catching it. And when he'd say it was too high, I'd say, 'Well, jump!'

"It didn't help, either, that when I arrived they reprinted my book called *Quarterbacking*. I also opened a restaurant, Joe Theismann's. I mean, I was doing personal appearances, doing commercials, and I hadn't even played a game yet! Needless to say, I wasn't exactly met with open arms. It was like I came in with two strikes against me and was facing Nolan Ryan at dusk."

"Dusk, er . . . ," says the intrepid reporter. "Let's see now, where were we? Oh, yes, wasn't George Allen. . . ?"

"I could never communicate with the man," says Theismann. "Billy was going to be his quarterback and that was that. I realized that in 1976 when we were in a slump and I started against San Francisco. We were 5 and 3, they were 6 and 2, and they had one heck of a pass rush, the best in the league. Well, it was the only game we went over 300 yards passing all season. I was 20 for 32, threw three touchdowns, and we won 24–21. Then George says, 'I'm going to start Billy against the Cardinals because he always plays better against them.' I said to myself, 'How can I play better if I don't get to play? This can't be happening to me. I'm Joe Theismann, the beyond-reproach kid.' I'd been playing since I was 12 and I'd never backed up anybody. I wouldn't accept being Number 2. I always called myself Number 1A."

"Uh-huh," says the intrepid reporter. "However, on the other hand. . . ."

continued



With son Patrick pushing and wife Cheryl pulling, Theismann gets a free and easy ride on off days

"Don't get me wrong. I have a lot of respect for George Allen. He's a proven winner. It's just that there were vast differences between us. He liked oldtimers; I was a newcomer. He was a defensive specialist; I was a quarterback. He preferred a conservative offense; I preferred doing a little scrambling. I think the ultimate victory for George would be a 2–0 win. One thing he did teach me was how to be mentally tough. I had to be to survive the toughest ordeal I've ever been through."

"Er, ah," says the intrepid reporter, "could we back it up a moment. . . ?"

"I've been wandering around looking for that ball," says Theismann, "and now I've found it. Yeah, I've found the green pastures. The grain is high, the trees are yielding fruit, and it's time to reap the harvest. . . ."

Theismann pauses in deference to the moaning of the intrepid reporter who, overcome by writer's cramp, is struggling to keep up. Checking the poor fellow's notes, the quarterback says, "Yeah, that's right, 'found the green pastures.' No, 'the grain is high' comes first, then 'trees are yielding fruit,' and 'time to reap the harvest!' O.K., got it? I have to go now."

And so he does, leaving the intrepid reporter slumped over his note pad with his 86 in-depth questions intact, plus a new one: Who was that masked man? Friends insist that Theismann is a crusader without mystery, that the public Theismann—candid, cocky, brash, voluble, playful, outrageous, enthusiastic, self-absorbed—is the real Theismann. A likable, even downright inspiring leader of men, they say. Indeed, in a town that of late has endured its share of strutting would-be heroes, Theismann has become more than the people's choice in this election year.

"Joe not only has the team, the coaches and the fans believing in him," says Redskin General Manager Bobby Beathard, "he has himself believing in him, and that's the key. I'm not sure he always had that, no matter how much talking he did." Theismann, forever his own best analyst, says he knows why the faith was so long in coming: "My mouth always preceded my performance."

No more. It took some seasoning and a lot of taming by Washington's offensive coordinator, Joe Walton, but Little Joe has come of age. In 1978, after Jack Pardee replaced Allen as coach, Theismann won the starting job and responded by leading the rebuilding Redskins to six straight victories. Then he faltered, throwing costly interceptions and requiring emergency relief from Kilmer as the Skins won only two of their final 10 games to close out the season at 8–8.

Last season, with Kilmer in retirement and Theismann declaring himself free at last of "outside distractions," Little Joe started all 16 games for the first time. The Redskins rolled up 348 points, the second-highest total in the club's 48-year history. Joe the Throw's aerial revue—59% accuracy, 2,797 yards, 20 touchdowns and only 13 interceptions—was the best performance by any Redskin quarterback in a decade, and his teammates voted him their MVP. In fact, Theismann rated higher in the NFL stats than Terry Bradshaw, Dan Fouts, Dan Pastorini or any other quarterback, save Roger Staubach. "I can be as good as anyone in the game," says Little Joe.

However, it may take Theismann longer to meet his self-proclaimed destiny—

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY WACHTER



Welton calls the Redskins' plays but Theismann makes them work

a Super Bowl championship—than he anticipates. After Sunday's 14–0 loss to Seattle, the Redskins' record is 1–3.

For his part, Theismann can always come up with a few thousand words on the subject of the new and improved Theismann. "When I wasn't playing much, I'd do anything to get recognized," he says. "If it was third-and-long, Katie, bar the door. I'd scramble around a lot, go for the bomb. I can still do it, but it just isn't smart football. I've learned that lesson."

And a few others: Theismann forces the ball less, throws to a variety of receivers, not just one, and stays in the pocket longer. Jurgensen, now a CBS TV commentator, says, "Joe has always had the athletic ability. Now he has the maturity and consistency. He's been remarkably steady, something he wasn't before. You just can't go for the home run all the time. You have to take what the other team gives you."

Befitting his new approach of "using my mind more than my body," Theismann disdains the label of scrambler in favor of "mobile quarterback." Translation: "I still can run. I can do the things I've always done, but now I'm more disciplined. I don't free-lance as much. I'm not always looking for the spectacular, the hot-doggish type of thing. I'm looking for consistency, moving the football. I've learned that sometimes smart football is just not colorful. The way Joe Walton wants things is the way I do them now. It's by design."

Walton's way is to call the game from the sidelines. Theismann isn't thrilled about that but consoles himself by calling audibles as well as the formations for one of the most complex offenses in the league. "We can run one play from 40 different formations," he says. "Our system's so complicated that I've become the Bobby Fischer of the NFL. I've always been a student of the game. It's just that I have a better teacher now. Joe is like a good book you want to keep reading over and over. I play a game with him—we describe game situations and see if we call the same plays—and we agree 85% of the time. We're really one mind in two bodies. He and I are like cut from the same tree. Perfectionists."

The most difficult concept to grasp, says Theismann, was that "I'm only one-11th of the offense. I'm a quarterback who now relies on the other players more, which I didn't do in the past. We're all playing on the same page now, and that's paramount in winning." Walton says, "If I've done anything for Joe, it's showing him that he can't beat Dallas by himself. Joe puts on a certain facade, but being alone with him a lot, I've come to admire him as a good, honest kid with great values. He has a touch of greatness."

The surprise is not that Theismann agrees with this greatness business so expansively but that his loud agreement is accepted so easily. Partly it's because his bravado is of the harmless Ali variety. And partly it has to do with an almost childlike openness that inspires him to deliver remarks like "I love life and I love to laugh." Indeed, he has a whole repertoire of lines that sound like CYO banquet throwaways. "Winning is a cure-all"; "Inside every NFL player there is a little boy"; "There's more to this game than money." Guard Dan Nugent, Theismann's roommate at training camp and on the road, has heard them all and, like most of the Redskins, dismisses the bluster and braggadocio as the spillover of Theismann's "boyish exuberance."

Nugent and the others have learned that, try as they may, it's almost impossible to resent someone who not only admits to being "hippy" but also proudly numbers among his heroes and friends two of the most notorious loudmouths extant. "Howard Cosell is one of the most intelligent men in the world today," Theismann says solemnly. And for a "real thrill and a half," he says, nothing quite measures up to being in a Las Vegas nightclub audience and having your pal Don Rickles introduce you.

Is Theismann egotistic? "I'm egotistic," he says, "but I define that as belief in oneself." Arrogant? "I don't think I'm arrogant. I'm very intense and sometimes that gets misinterpreted." Cocky? "There's a fine line between cockiness and confidence. I'm confident." Brash? "Hey, sometimes I push too hard." Theatrical? "Yeah, I'm a ham."

Occasionally, Theismann will go for the surprise option of repentance: "When things went wrong, I tended to blame someone else, when I should've blamed myself." Of late, he's even been trying to perfect the old statue-of-humility play, although it often comes off as an afterthought tripping over a cliché. Example: "The thrill of victory is what I love—within the unit, of course. A quarterback is only as good as the men he plays with."

What Theismann does not do is apologize for Theismann. "Hey, I'm me," he says. Besides, a mild-mannered leader, he contends, would be a contradiction in terms. After all, who ever heard of a shy quarterback, a meek field general? They called Napoleon cocky, too, but he won some big ones. "Gosh," Theismann pleads, "if you can't believe in yourself, who are you going to believe in? And how can I get 10 other guys in the huddle to believe in me if I don't? What's that saying? If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen. Well, I just like to cook."

Defensive Tackle Diron Talbert, the last of the active Over-the-Hillers, speaks from the perspective of a 13-year veteran of Redskin wars, internal and otherwise. "Theismann has really become a great team leader," Talbert says. "He's become one of the guys, a brother. Still, Joe has stayed Joe. I like that. If you're a cocky kid, be a cocky kid. Be yourself. He's the Redskins' franchise."

And Little Joe has grown up in more ways than one. He has been resolutely pumping iron for the past three years and now tops out at 6' ½" and a solid, chesty 195 pounds. Though he envies Bradshaw's arm, Joe the Throw is in the ICBM class himself; two years ago he uncorked a desperation pass against St. Louis that traveled 80 yards on the fly. Strong enough to bench-press 225 pounds, Theismann delights in showing up the massive linemen who go soft in the off-season. "When I walk into the weight room and see them straining at 350 or 400 pounds in the squat, I ask them to spot it at 405, do my reps and stroll off. Drives them crazy," he says.

Beyond muscle, Theismann has what Pardee calls "superb athleticism." An accomplished golfer, bowler and tennis, pool and racquetball player, Theismann entered the 1980 TV *Superstars* competition and, typically, trained for it like an Olympic hopeful. He ran three miles a day in five-pound boots and logged more miles on his baby-sitter's bicycle than a fleet of neighborhood paper boys. He finished first in the football division—beating more celebrated legmen like John Stallworth in the half-mile run—fourth among U.S. athletes and ninth in the world finals. He pocketed nearly $25,000 for his efforts.

Theismann, who once challenged Bob Hayes, the Olympic dash champion/Dallas Cowboy wide receiver, to a 60-yard race for $500 and lost by only two

continued

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steps, says that nowadays "I can run the 40 in about five seconds flat. Put Too Tall Jones on my tail, and I'll turn it in four. Fear is a great motivator."

And playing the toy bulldog with the NFL grizzlies can be a shattering experience, as Theismann's "character bump," a nose that jukes left, then right, attests. In the name of valor, or more often an overblown sense of machismo, Theismann has sustained a range of injuries that has made him a favorite exhibit at sports-medicine seminars. In 1979, at a meeting sponsored by the Maryland Podiatry Association, Theismann said: "I have been knocked out three times, broken my nose seven times. I have a staple in my left shoulder that holds it together. I've broken three ribs on the left side, two on the right. I have a hip pointer. I have torn cartilage, thanks to the Atlanta Falcons, and a separated left collarbone, courtesy of the Dallas Cowboys. I also have had bruised metatarsals and sprained toes. Other than that, I'm a healthy human being."

Spoken like the same foolhardy soul who, in 1974 and 1975, risked his career by volunteering for the hazardous duties of returner and downfield blocker on the Redskins' punt-return unit. "I didn't know it was dangerous at the time," says Theismann, who returned 17 punts for an average of 9.5 yards. "I did it because I was standing around on the sidelines doing nothing. Listen, nobody knows this, but returning punts is kind of fun."

For a long while, says Theismann, who also holds the ball for field-goal and extra-point attempts, "my sole claim to fame on the bubble-gum cards was that I once threw for a touchdown on a fake field-goal play. That's how bad it was."

Lately, convinced that Staubach shortened his career by "taking a lot of unnecessary hits," Theismann has begun sliding to avoid a crunching tackle. "There was a time when I didn't do my famous baseball hook slide," he says. "Yeah, when I was dumb."

Theismann claims that it wasn't ignorance but duty that made him impervious to the Notre Dame mystique in high school. Having been blessed with a receiver by the name of Drew Pearson, the South River Flash was recruited by some 120 colleges. He shunned Notre Dame because, for one thing, he's not Catholic. "I'm a Hungarian Methodist, and I'd never even heard of Knute Rockne and George Gipp and all those guys," he says. "I wasn't home watching college football on Saturdays. I was over at the high school, two blocks away, throwing the football at a tire hung from the goalpost. Or out in the yard throwing with my father. And when he wasn't available—he managed an Esso station seven days a week—I threw with my mother. She can wing it pretty good."

As a result, Notre Dame went begging, and Theismann signed with N.C. State, mainly because it was one of the few colleges with a nuclear reactor. "I wanted to be a nuclear engineer," he says. "I still don't know why." Then a Newark newspaper ran the story about Irish Coach Ara Parseghian's being interested in Theismann. Little Joe pasted the scoffing headline—LITTLE JOE WILL GET KILLED AT NOTRE DAME—to his bedroom wall "as a reminder" and packed his bags for South Bend. "Maybe I'm the wrong one to challenge," he says.

Maybe so. Theismann was confronted by six other freshman quarterbacks at the first Notre Dame practice session. "Six!" says Theismann. "All of them 6′ 4″. I decided that very day I was going to be the best of the bunch and the best in Notre Dame history."

Roger Valdiserri, the Irish sports information director, must have known something. Shortly after Theismann's arrival in South Bend, Valdiserri called Joe into his office to lay the foundation for a classic publicity ploy. "Son," Valdiserri said, "how do you pronounce your name?" "*Thees*-man," said Theismann. "Nope," said Valdiserri. "From now on it's *Thighs*-man, as in Heisman."

Thighs-man lived up to his billing. In his senior year, going against mighty USC in a driving rain that had turned the field into a quagmire, he passed for a school-record 526 yards. In 1970 he broke Staubach's Cotton Bowl passing records, and in a return engagement with Texas the next year, he passed for one touchdown and ran for two more in the first 17 minutes as Notre Dame snapped the Longhorns' 30-game winning streak and knocked them out of their No. 1 ranking. As Parseghian was fond of saying, "Never underestimate the magic of Joe Theismann."

Cheryl Brown didn't. As Theismann recalls, "One of the guys told me there was this great-looking blonde secretary working in Valdiserri's office. I got this weakness for blondes, so I walked over and got a publicity picture from her. Every day I'd stop by and get a picture. Finally I had a stack of them and had to come up with a new excuse." Joe and Cheryl were married in his senior year, which he figures served Valdiserri right. "He changed my name, so I changed hers," says Theismann. "I got even."

The 1971 pro draft was a downer. Theismann, who was the 99th pick (by Miami) behind seven other quarterbacks, including Leo Hart (59) and Karl Douglas (78), still rankles at the suggestion that bigger is better. "I don't know where they get that size thing in football. It's a myth," he says. "They say a small quarterback can't throw over a 6′ 5″ defensive lineman. How many times does he have to if his own line is functioning? When people say that size is a factor, I ask them to name five great quarterbacks who are 6′ 3″ or more. They can't do it. Size is no factor."

So it was off to Toronto for three very successful Canadian Football League seasons until, in 1974, the Redskins traded a first-round draft choice to the Dolphins, whose offer Joe had spurned in '71, for the rights to Theismann. Arriving in D.C., Hollywood Joe was quickly upstaged. Not once, but twice. What is it like, he was asked at the time, playing third string behind Jurgensen and Kilmer? "It's like when you have three wheels for a bike and you only need two," he said. "One has to lean against the wall. Well, here I am."

Kilmer recalls, "Sonny and I both wanted to start, of course, but when Theismann joined the Redskins, we didn't care which one of us did as long as it wasn't him."

No stranger to being the target of name-calling, Theismann managed to pick up a new title on his first day with the Redskins: scab. "That was the year of the players' strike," recalls one former Over-the-Hiller. "Because Joe considered himself technically a rookie, he walked into camp and began practicing. The veteran players were walking the picket line. That started Joe's problems, the questioning of his leadership role." Theismann counters, "I had a job to earn. I wouldn't be any good to the Redskins and the strike wouldn't be any good to me if I didn't make the team."

He made the team, all right, but getting in good with his teammates was another matter. "Let's get this Theismann situation straightened out," says Kilmer.

continued

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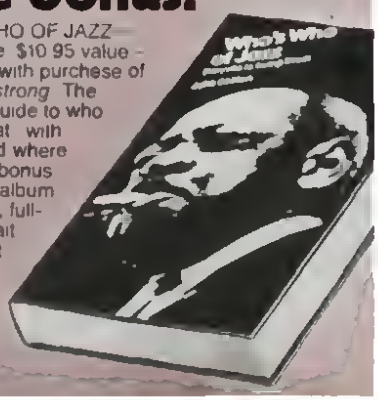
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"It wasn't my fault that he didn't get along with me. He didn't want to. When Joe became a Redskin, Jurgensen and I tried to help him. We knew we wouldn't last forever. In quarterback meetings we would try and explain things to him, but he seemed indifferent toward us. So we said the hell with him if that's the way he was going to be. Have you ever heard of a Notre Dame quarterback who didn't think he knew it all?"

Theismann has all too often heard about the long green line of Irish quarterbacks who failed to make it big in the pros—Angelo Bertelli, Bob Williams, Frank Tripucka, Ralph Guglielmi, Terry Hanratty, John Huarte. "Well, Johnny Lujack and Daryle Lamonica didn't do too badly," he says, "and all I can say about the old line, 'All you Notre Dame quarterbacks are the same—destined to be backups,' is yes, until now."

The nadir of what Theismann calls his "NFL roller-coaster ride" came one October evening in 1977. Speaking at a boosters' dinner, he was asked about Allen and, much to his regret, he pulled the cork on his bottled-up emotions. Among other things, he said Allen used people and was less than honest, particularly in denying Theismann his chance to play. Saying he drew his incentive to keep trying from the fans, Little Joe concluded, "I stopped playing for George Allen two years ago, because I can't play for someone who treats me that way."

Theismann was unaware there was a reporter present, and when his remarks made the morning editions, he rushed to Allen's doorstep at 7:30 a.m. to apologize. No answer. Returning home, he was confronted by Cheryl, who said, "Your big mouth got you in trouble again!" He says now, "She began crying, and it got so bad I had to draw the blinds."

Theismann apologized to Allen later that morning. Allen said he was hurt but understood Joe's frustrations. "When I wasn't traded after that incident," says Theismann, "I put all thoughts of moving to another team out of my head. I was George's insurance policy, and obviously nothing I did or could do would change that. I thought about tossing in the towel, and if I hadn't been married with a family, I might have. The last time I saw George—as he was walking out of here—he told me, 'You'll probably get to play now.' "

"Live for today" is another of Theismann's favorite sayings, and he does just that. In addition to being on TV and radio as a pitchman for furniture, cameras, banks and several charities, he does a Monday evening sportscast in the nation's capital during the football season and co-hosts a TV talk show, *Good Morning, Washington*, in the off-season. Monday nights he holds court at his restaurant, which isn't far from his two-story colonial home in Vienna, Va. Ever the scrambler-about-town, he plays the Hollywood Joe role to the hilt: limos, tinted shades and a wardrobe he describes as "modern flashy." Otherwise, he is Joe Homebody. "I can play the scene," he explains, "but I still have three children."

And how does the star quarterback prime himself for the big Sunday game? A cartoon freak, Theismann gets up early on Saturdays with his three kids, Joey, 9, Amy, 7, and Patrick, 19 months, and settles in for a long morning of watching TV monsters and space cadets, beginning with his favorite character, The Roadrunner. Theismann loves TV and, though a former Academic All-America who graduated with a B average in sociology, hates books. "I read slowly and I move my lips," he says.

Theismann wants to *be* in the flicks and has in fact already acted in one film, entitled *Sam Marlow, Private Eye*, in which he mainly stands behind George Raft with his arms folded, looking tough, like a linebacker. "When I think about the future, I think about acting and movies and TV and sportscasting," says Theismann. "I'd really like that. On my Canadian visa, when I played up there, they had me down as an 'entertainer,' and they were right. That's the business I'm in—show business—and the football field is my stage."

Theismann has taken acting lessons, and his Hollywood agent takes him on the rounds of the casting directors. Hence the Hollywood Joe handle, which was hung on him by former Redskin Center Ted Fritsch and instantly stuck, much to Theismann's delight. He feels it lends luster to his image and equates him with his hero and fellow Hungarian, Broadway Joe Namath. From the way Theismann's distaff fans, not to mention lady feature writers, go on about his tousled blond hair, devilish blue eyes and flashing white teeth, the world may indeed be ready for a bent-nose heartthrob. Theismann sees himself as a cross between Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds, and he has been studying their macho ways. "I've seen *Smokey and the Bandit* 10 times on cable TV," he says.

While the silver screen waits, Theismann is making do with a Redskin contract that pays him $150,000 a season, plus bonuses. Come renewal time in 1982, he could command half a mil a year. Entrepreneur Joe dabbles in the silver market, owns part of a broodmare in Kentucky and has assorted real-estate holdings, including a condominium in Fort Lauderdale that is just a long pass or two from Billy Kilmer's place. "Maybe we'll get together for a round of golf sometime," says Theismann.

Though he keeps saying "Talk is cheap," Theismann is not above charging $3,000 to $5,000 for one of the 40 or so lectures he gives on motivation to business groups during the off-season. One of the better jock orators, he delivers his football-as-a-microcosm-of-society speech with a rousing élan that would do Rockne proud. Which figures. Even when he is alone, Theismann talks aloud to himself. And, of course, he will bend anyone's ear for free—especially if the listener is taking notes.

"Yes, sure," says the intrepid reporter, winding down in a second go-around with the mobile quarterback, "but looking back do you feel. . . ?"

"I try not to look back," says Theismann. "It's like the line from a Dionne Warwick song: 'A fool will lose tomorrow looking back on yesterday.' I believe that. I believe this is just the beginning. Hey, I'm not a kid in this league anymore. I'm 31. And I really believe we're ready to go all the way. I really believe I can be a 65% passer this year and. . . ."

"But, but," the intrepid reporter interrupts, having learned a defensive move or two, "no NFL quarterback completed more than 63% of his passes last season and. . . ."

"I kid Mike Kruczek about trying on his Super Bowl rings, but I'm serious. I've always wanted to wear the ring. Forget the money. The ring is what it's all about. I've had all the Pittsburgh rings on. I've had the Yankee ring on. The Raiders' rings are the most beautiful. Yes, I make no bones about it. I'm like a little kid." *Pause.* "Any more questions?"

Pause. "No," says the intrepid reporter, flipping his notebook shut on his 86 in-depth questions, all still intact. "That about covers it." END

THE SEEDS OF CONTENT

Ballplayers love chewing sunflower seeds so much they may replace tobacco, but groundkeepers can't stand the messy little things ***by ROY BLOUNT JR.***

More and more ballplayers, you may have noticed, are to be seen digging handfuls of small things from their pants pockets, popping them into their mouths, executing complex masticatory maneuvers and spitting odd little flecks into the breeze.

These small things and little flecks are, respectively, sunflower seeds and shells. And the only good thing to be said for them, according to Oriole groundkeeper Pat Santarone, is that "they're roasted," which means that they can't sprout and produce great nodding yellow flowers all along the base paths.

Otherwise, Santarone says, "They're brutal. Every place you look in the ball park you see them, all over the grass, all over the infield, out on the pitcher's mound, wherever the umpires stand. They don't decompose, and from one year to the next you see them sitting there. They just won't rot.

"It's awesome. It's incredible. You look out on the field and it's easier to count the guys who aren't chewing them than the ones who are. The guys who eat 'em look like chipmunks. They even have some of the old pros chewing them."

Sure enough, 41-year-old Detroit Tiger Coach Gates Brown, an old tobacco chewer, says he doesn't remember anybody doing seeds when he was playing. Now, however, he is into them. "You change with the times," he says.

But Santarone isn't finished: "It's worse than smoking. They used to duck out of the back of the dugout to go have a smoke. Now they chew these things. Even the umpires are out there, looking stupider than they normally look, with mouths full of sunflower seeds."

Seeds are what's happening chewing-wise in baseball. Predominantly sunflower seeds, but in a few cases—notably those of Cardinal Pitcher Jim Kaat and some teammates he has turned on—pumpkin seeds, too. Ingesting their minuscule meats and properly ejecting their shells is regarded as an art. "They pacify your tongue," says Minnesota Pitcher John Verhoeven, "with the exercise."

"It's a new era," says Cardinal Pitching Coach Claude Osteen, "the era of birdseed." In this, as in several other concurrent baseball eras, Reggie Jackson is a seminal figure. But you have to give credit to 19th-century Russians, too. Seeds go way back and have come a long way. "I guess it's the modern-day player's chewing tobacco," says the Baltimore Orioles' Mike Flanagan.

Which is not to say that tobacco, snuff, bubble gum and combinations thereof are obsolete. Most players agree with Ferguson Jenkins of the Texas Rangers that the salty seeds will never replace the juicy chaw: "You've got to keep reaching into your pocket to get a handful of seeds, but a chew of tobacco usually lasts two or three, sometimes even four innings."

The Seattle Mariners' Dave Heaverlo, who keeps his head shaved and chews seeds, and just about everything else for that matter, suggests that some players never get beyond seeds "because they're afraid to jump into the big stuff like tobacco." But seeds are at least as good a cud as any for relief of baseball monotony. "They help the time go on," says Jim Gantner of the Milwaukee Brewers.

"They're something to spit for the guys



who don't chew," says Dave Rozema of Detroit. "Not only that, but the pitchers in the bullpen get hungry. We look up and see the people eating popcorn and peanuts all through the stands. Well, we've got our seeds."

"I've been chewing sunflower seeds since I was a kid," says George Foster of the Cincinnati Reds. "The protein is healthy. They're salted, and on the hot days even a little salt helps to keep us going. I don't like tobacco; it's not sanitary and it leaves a bad odor."

People who have to clean up after players, however, prefer old-fashioned spittle. Seed hulls don't evaporate or soak in and disappear. They stick to rugs, floors and grass, they clog dugout drains, and they attract mice. Gene Mauch banned them when he was managing the Twins, and Bill Virdon keeps their use to a minimum among his Houston Astros because they are so messy. Most clubhouse men, who set out gum and tobacco, refuse to provide seeds.

And groundkeepers.... Santarone again: "I don't think they'd spit them out on their own lawns or in their own living rooms. There's a lot of salt on the shells, and salt is a sure-enough grass-killer. I complain to the players and they just look at me with blank expressions, like I was weird or something.

"Just take two cases of seeds a day. Take those shucks and multiply them by 81 home games, and that's more than 160 cases of sunflower seeds just lying out on that field. And we have to vacuum them up or sweep them up. We have a big power sweeper with brushes on it that sweeps them up. But if you don't do it and you get a pile of them, you lose the grass. Really!"

According to Baltimore clubhouse man Jim Tyler, the Orioles will go through about 200 cases this season, twice as many as last year. Which adds up to 25,600 seven-tenths-of-an-ounce bags (at a street value of $2,560) or roughly 2,688,000 seeds. That, you may say, sounds like an awful lot of seeds. But that's only half of it; there are *5,376,000* seed-hull halves. And that doesn't include the economy-size bags generous Baltimore fans toss down into the bullpen to augment the relievers' stores.

Although the Orioles perhaps lead the major leagues in team seed stats, there are individual players on many clubs who go through five to 10 bags a game. One night last season Wayne Twitchell of Seattle did a bag every half inning for nine innings. That's roughly 3,780 seed-hull halves produced in one game by Twitchell alone.

"I guess it takes their minds off things," says Jim Tyler.

Then, too, the seeds' "nutritional value is meaningful," says Jackson, echoing Foster. Reggie flips a bag of seeds over and reads, "Protein ... thiamine ... niacin ... iron .. magnesium ... phosphorus. We have to take phosphorus pills to keep from pulling muscles."

"They're good for you," agrees the Orioles' Rich Dauer, "but you can't live on them." However, Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver has cut back to one pack of seeds a game because he's found that "there are some calories in there, and they can put a little weight on you." Also, the shells get stuck in his teeth.

"I was rounding second base once and nearly choked to death when part of one got caught in my throat," says Houston's Craig Reynolds. "I set a record for the slowest run from second to third, and I haven't eaten one since."

"The salt rubs on the inside of your cheek and kind of irritates it," cautions Bump Wills of the Rangers, who does tobacco on the field, seeds *off*. Most infielders find seeds a hindrance in their work. The Yankees' Bob Watson, for instance, is a great seed man in the dugout and clubhouse, but he doesn't want shells in the dirt around first base, where the low throws bounce. But Baltimore First Baseman Eddie Murray will reach for his seeds anytime. "You worry about Murray sometimes," says teammate Tim Stoddard. "He'll have his hand in his pocket, getting a sunflower seed, when a line drive is going out."

To the advanced user, handling line drives and seeds at the same time is just a matter of practice, practice, practice. Tobacco chewing—the expectorational acrobatics aside—requires mostly a strong stomach and a liking for stained clothes, but seed chewing demands mastery of a complex technique.

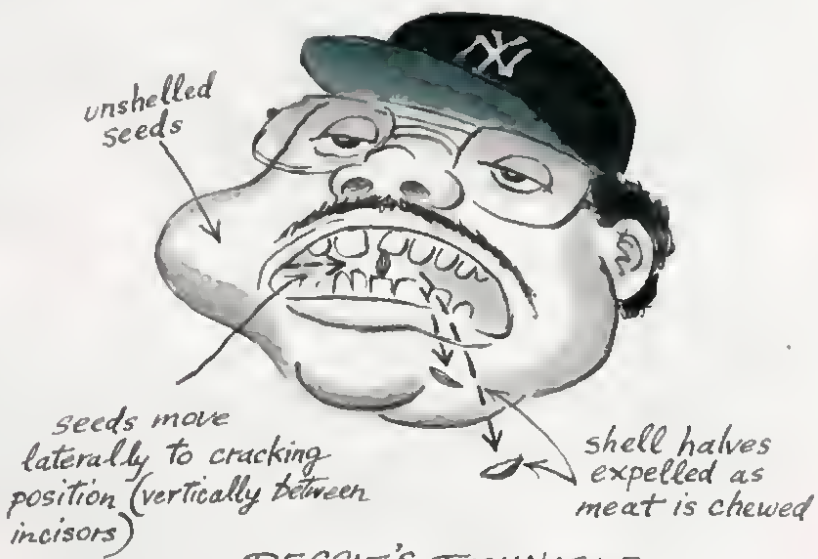
"Some people pick them out of their pocket and eat them one at a time," sniffs Seattle Pitcher Glenn Abbott. "I think they're too uncoordinated to shuck and eat a seed and still keep the others on the sides of their mouths."

"I *started* with one at a time," says the Dodgers' Terry Forster. "Then I went to a handful and then a bag. Oh, yeah, I put in 50 to 60 at a time. Never touch them once I get a gob in my mouth. I can eat four or five bags in nothing flat."

"If you're talented," says Ranger Manager Pat Corrales, "you keep the uneaten ones on one side of your mouth, chew the meat in the center of your mouth and, if there is no place to spit the shells, put them on the other side. Now that's an art."

"What I like to do after cracking the shells is spit them at guys who are not looking," says Wills, "because the shells stick. Sometimes there'll be 10 or 12 of them hanging on the back of a guy's uniform and he won't know it."

continued



REGGIE'S TECHNIQUE

Charlie's fracture, unfortunately, was painful. His medical bill, fortunately, was not.





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That's a total of 181,000,000 people who don't have to worry about the usual medical expenses. And 142,000,000 of these don't even have to worry about major medical expenses. They're protected by private major medical insurance. Nearly 3 times the number protected only 15 years ago.

That protection now often includes special services like dental care, nursing home care, in-home care, psychiatric care, and alcohol and drug abuse treatment.

There's a booklet you'd find interesting called *All about Health Insurance*. For a free copy, write the Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 23, 1850 K Street NW, Washington, DC 20006.

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We're working hard to contain inflation by containing health care costs, with ideas like covering second opinions for surgery. Under many policies, a patient can obtain a second opinion to find out whether elective surgery is a good idea. It could save the cost of an unnecessary operation, not to mention the time and anxiety it could save the patient. And preventing unnecessary operations could save millions of dollars

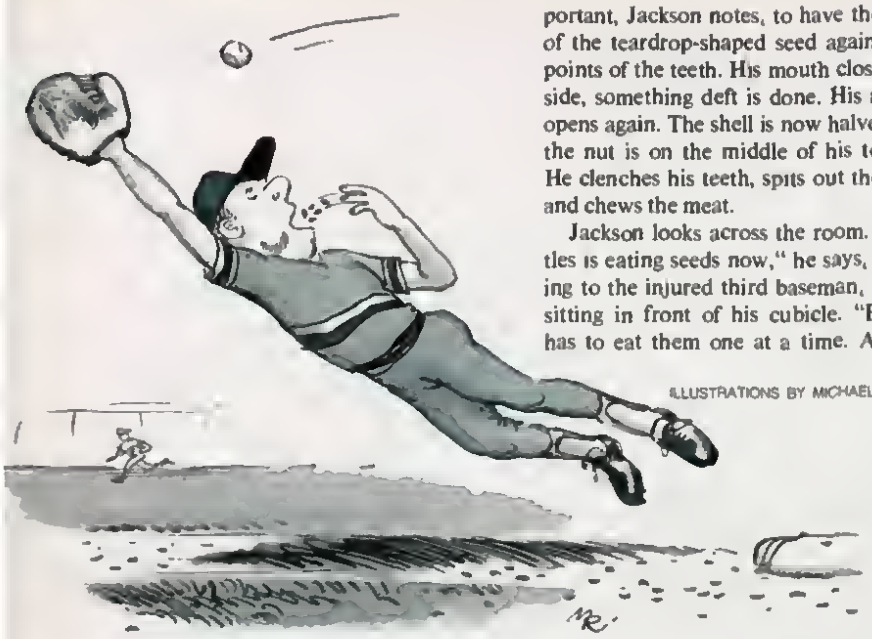
Health insurance companies are using other cost-saving innovations, including covering hospital pre-admission testing, outpatient surgery, carefully checking the validity of medical fees and services, and promoting better health habits.

Since health insurance premiums are a direct reflection of health care costs, keeping those costs down helps keep your premium costs down, too. An effective way to fight inflation

We'll keep working toward our goal of "good health care for everyone that everyone can afford." Because nothing short of that will do.

THE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

Let's Keep Health Care Healthy



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS

Baltimore Coach Elrod Hendricks claims he saw an Oriole put some seeds into his mouth when he was already chewing a mixture of tobacco and gum. "I was trying to figure out how that tasted," muses Hendricks. "Chewing tobacco and gum is enough of a chore. To eat something, too.... If they're able to do this, they should be able to do anything."

But Jackson is "the master," according to Terry Forster. "He can put a handful in his mouth, pop them, spit out the shucks and go right on playing. Reggie keeps his in his pants pocket, but if he slides he gets a lot of dirt mixed in with them." Forster theorizes that Reggie separates the grit from the seeds by shaking the seeds around in his hand before going to his mouth with them.

But why hear testimony from a student of the master when Jackson himself is perfectly willing to offer the most articulate explication of seed chewing?

In the Yankee dressing room, Jackson indicates the bulge caused by a cache of 20 seeds in his right cheek. With his tongue—the same one that leads the majors in quotes—he selects a seed and slides it between his bicuspids. He opens his mouth, points to the chosen seed and says, "There!" Then he raises an index finger as a sign to pay close attention and deftly cracks—but does not yet demeat—the seed. He reopens his mouth, and now the seed is held firmly, but not too firmly, between his incisors. It's important, Jackson notes, to have the ends of the teardrop-shaped seed against the points of the teeth. His mouth closes. Inside, something deft is done. His mouth opens again. The shell is now halved and the nut is on the middle of his tongue. He clenches his teeth, spits out the shell and chews the meat.

Jackson looks across the room. "Nettles is eating seeds now," he says, pointing to the injured third baseman, Graig, sitting in front of his cubicle. "But he has to eat them one at a time. And he has to pick the shells out of his mouth. During the winter I eat seeds and drink beer," adds Jackson, who confines himself to seeds alone while playing. "I also chew a little tobacco. I can chew tobacco, eat seeds and drink a beer at the same time. But don't you try it," he cautions. "You have to be an expert."

Jackson started using seeds in 1968, during his first full major league season. "Rather than chew tobacco, which isn't good for you," he says, "and rather than chew bubble gum, which has all that sugar, I can chew seeds and still have my nervous habit. I started eating them because they tasted good. And they were cheap. When I started they were a nickel a bag. It was a lot of eating for a nickel."

Then, during the '69 season, reporters started asking him about seeds. Someone at David & Sons in Fresno, Calif. read one of the stories, and the company later sent Jackson several cases of seeds. It was a wise business gesture. The Yankees' Tommy John is one of many major-leaguers who say that Jackson was the first player they ever saw doing seeds. "He always stuck his hand in his back pocket, and then he would throw something in his mouth," says John. "I didn't know what it was at first. Now everyone knows. Now fathers have to buy a bag of seeds before their sons can play Little League games."

David & Sons now has a big share of the baseball seed market. "Sunflower and baseball go together like mom and apple pie," says Bill Thompson, the company's general manager. "At baseball and softball games in California, when there's a quiet moment you hear a giant crunch. The ground under the bleachers is loaded with empty shells."

Some big-leaguers, however, prefer the seeds put out by the Fisher Nut Co. of St. Paul (motto: "At Fisher we take the nut very seriously"). "Fisher's seeds are bigger," claims Forster. "They're easier to cut with your teeth, and the kernels are large. Other seeds are real small, and when you try to cut them with your teeth you shatter the shell, so then you have to eat them shell and all. Every Fisher shell has a seed inside. Some of the others are empty. You've got to go through your supply. Toss the seeds a little way into the air, and those with no kernel will blow away."

According to Don Lilleboe, executive secretary of the Sunflower Association of America, sunflowers are native to North America. Their seeds were brought to Europe by Spanish explorers. In time they spread to Russia, where chewing them became extremely popular. It still is, as anyone who has heard the continuous crunch in Soviet movie theaters can attest. In the 1800s Eastern European and Russian immigrants reintroduced them to America, where they were called "Russian peanuts."

In California seeds have been chewed during baseball games for decades, but until recent years any kind of eating was prohibited in major league dugouts. Enos Slaughter and Stan Musial, however, chewed them in the 1950s. Reggie brought them to the public eye, as we have seen, in the '60s. And now they're all over Pat Santarone's nice field.

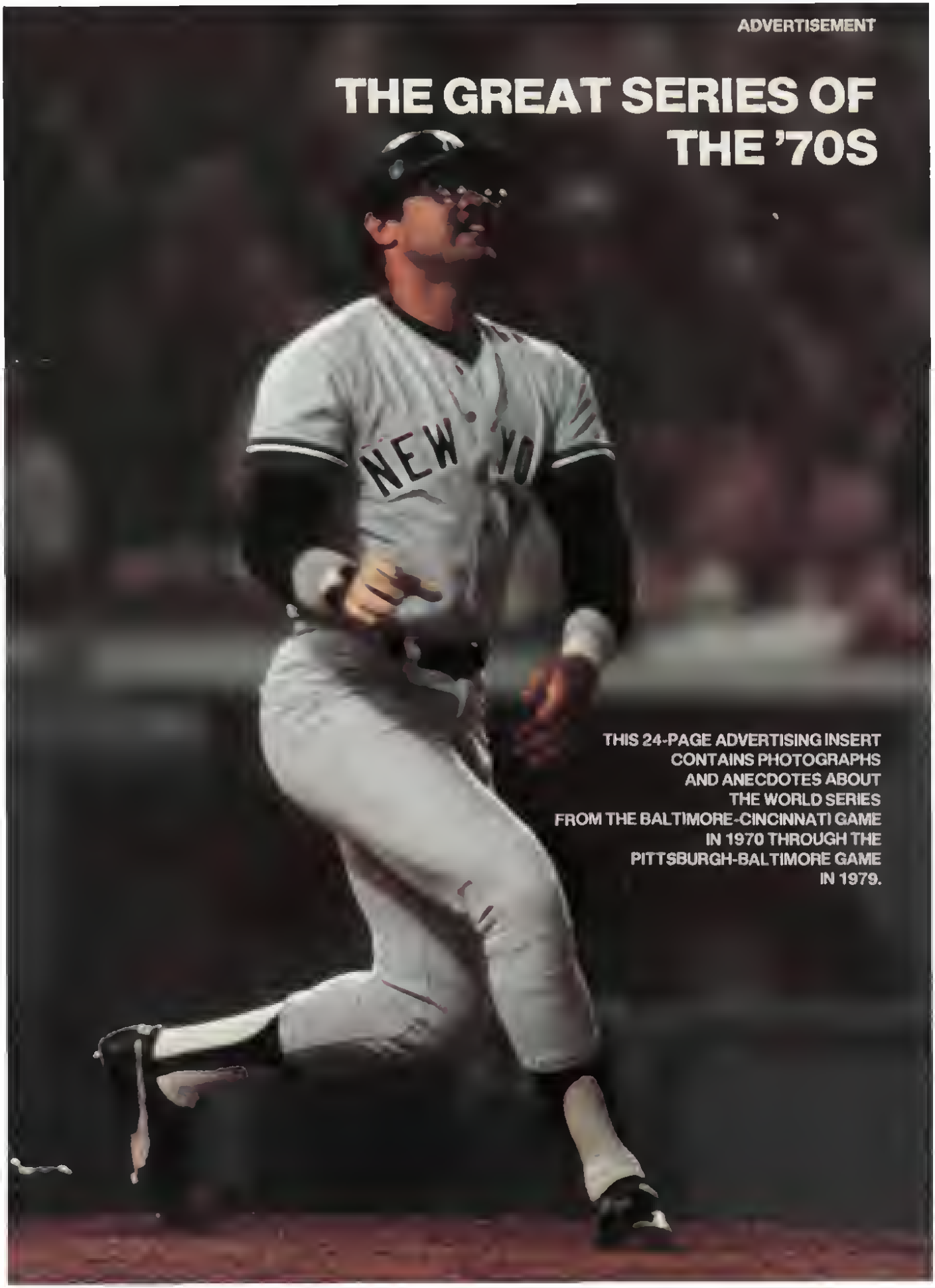
That's how the state of the art of baseball chewing stands today. Except that Tommy John, who used to be a seed man, now goes with Big Twist black licorice; U.L. Washington of Kansas City harkens back to Sad Sam Jones by chewing toothpicks; and, well, Terry Forster says, "I'm into straws now."

Forster pulls down from his locker shelf a handful of those striped plastic stirrers that accompany a Styrofoam cup of coffee. "I've got everyone in the bullpen chewing on straws. These. These are the best straws in the league."

Straws may not catch on. But just in case, you may want to pick up some if your kid is in Little League. **END**

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THE GREAT SERIES OF THE '70S



THIS 24-PAGE ADVERTISING INSERT CONTAINS PHOTOGRAPHS AND ANECDOTES ABOUT THE WORLD SERIES FROM THE BALTIMORE-CINCINNATI GAME IN 1970 THROUGH THE PITTSBURGH-BALTIMORE GAME IN 1979.

There will always be the memory of that determined face. It bespoke a character forged by experience, bloodlines—his father had been one of the great pitchers of his own time and place—and pride. Indeed, he had long been compared to the great bullfighters, not only because of his Latin heritage, but because of his flair for the dramatic. In the best of times, Luis Clemente Tiant has been a pitcher who has known how to please both himself and his fans.

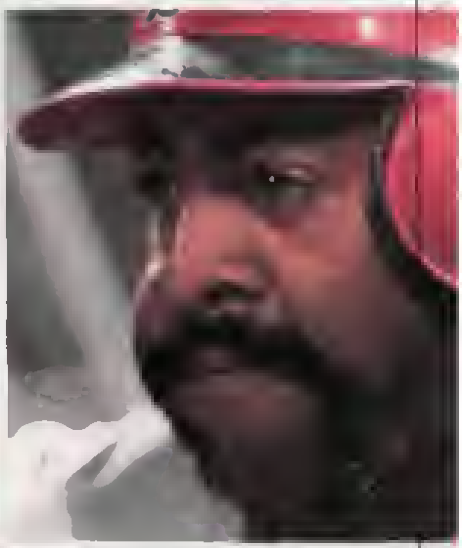
But this was hardly the best of times. It was the night of Wednesday, October 15, 1975, and Tiant was in trouble. He was pitching Game Four of the World Series with his team, the Boston Red Sox, trailing Cincinnati by a 2–1 Series margin. He was pitching in Riverfront Stadium, and by the fifth inning it was obvious he had nothing left. He knew it. His catcher, Carlton Fisk, knew it. His teammates knew it. The Reds knew it. And thanks to the splendid camera work of NBC-TV director Harry Coyle's crew, as well as the knowledgeable commentary of the sportscasters, the entire television audience knew it too.

Four days earlier, Tiant had begun the Series by shutting out the Reds 6–0 on five hits. A Fenway Park crowd of 35,205 had exulted in a six-run Boston seventh inning, highlighted by Tiant's excursion around the base paths, not unlike a drunk stumbling home at 4 a.m. Señor Tiant was in command, and by the ninth inning he was into his full act. He was mixing a superb fastball with a sharp breaking ball, interspersed with an occasional altitudinous changeup. His famed swivel delivery was regularly showing the frustrated Reds a full view of his No. 23 as he would nod approvingly to the fans in the centerfield bleachers in the middle of his windup.

But on this night in Cincinnati Tiant was to find himself with a 3–4 lead after five innings and no weaponry with which to protect it. His fastball had little hop, his curve only a minute break. Without those two the changeup was of little use. If there was one thing every principal knew as Luis Tiant walked to the mound to start the sixth inning, it was that he would never finish this game.

Yet somewhere deep inside this chunky Cuban expatriate lay a competitive instinct matched by few. He might not have had any stuff, but







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that meant only one thing—he would have to *pitch*

Tiant somehow managed to hang on. Though yielding nine hits, though walking four, though oftentimes having little more to offer the dreaded Cincinnati batters than a nod of the head, a jiggle of the glove or a kick of a foot, though necessitating a staggering total of 163 pitches, Tiant got the job done. He kept the Reds scoreless over those final four innings (aided greatly by a sensational Fred Lynn catch of a Ken Griffey liner in the ninth) and the Red Sox recorded a 5–4 triumph to even the best World Series of the 1970s at two games apiece.

And every bit of Tiant's struggle was shared with an entire sports-loving nation. The camera continually zoomed in to show the sweat dripping off Tiant's Fu Manchu mustache. Tiant was truly a practitioner of an art that evening. He was the embodiment of every scientific pitcher who ever strode to a pitcher's mound. Any viewer possessing so much as an ounce of romanticism in his or her soul could not help but empathize with the proud matador. Both baseball and television triumphed as art forms that evening in what may very well have been the quintessential seventies' World Series experience.

If true, that would be saying a lot, for the 1970s brought us some splendid World Series. At a time when the sport was being rapped by many as an enterprise fated to wind up in the same memory bin as the six-day bicycle races, these Series spotlighted new heroes and sparked a general renaissance of the venerable National Pastime.

At the dawn of that decade, baseball was viewed by many as being in a state similar to that of a squeaky-voiced silent-screen matinee idol just after the introduction of talkies. The game was considered a relic of a simpler, less frenetic time. Football, with its violent collisions, was Now. Basketball and hockey, each combining speed with more than a hint of violence—an evening spent sitting in the first row behind the basket at an NBA game would sufficiently prove the existence of basketball's inherent roughness—were likewise considered to be Now.

Baseball? Strictly Then.

And yet the 1970s were to give us Charlie O's Mustache Gang, surely one of the great teams of all time, the Big Red Machine, the glittering 1975 Series, universally acclaimed as one of the very best in baseball history; the turbulent Yankees; and two memorable Pittsburgh champions, the first, in 1971, led by the legendary Roberto Clemente, and the second, in 1979, inspired by a charismatic, wine-sipping, aphorism-spouting, home run-hitting old first baseman named Willie Stargell.

The various Series of the seventies would hardly lack controversy. In 1970, 1975 and 1978 there were bizarre plays sparking disputes that last until this day. Ours is an age in which authority is being questioned as never before. Therefore, it should come as no surprise that umpires became subject to intense scrutiny during the seventies, all the more so because for the first time in the history of baseball these arbiters were being appointed on a rotation basis, rather than on merit.

Resurrected by Boston in '71 after being twice released by other clubs, the ageless Tiant (previous page and left) pitches his crafty way through Game 4 to second win of '75 Series. In Game 6, Boston CF Fred Lynn (below) crumples against wall after vain attempt to catch a hard shot by Ken Griffey; Evans (left) and Yastrzemski (right) go to Lynn's aid.



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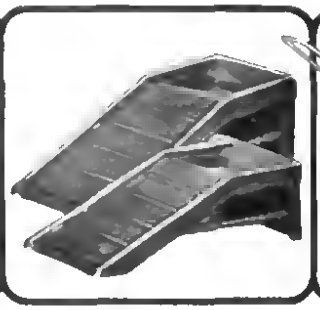
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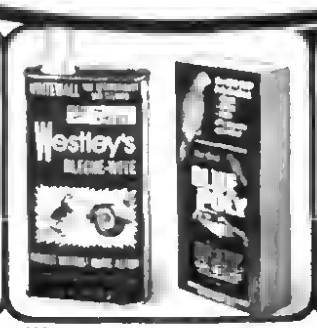
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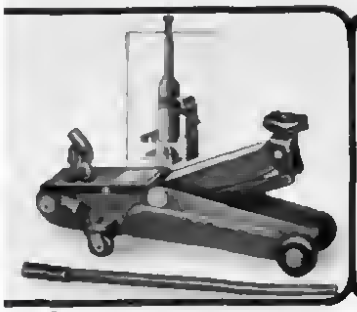
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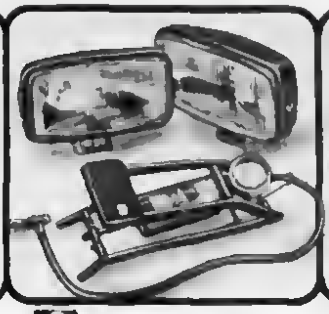
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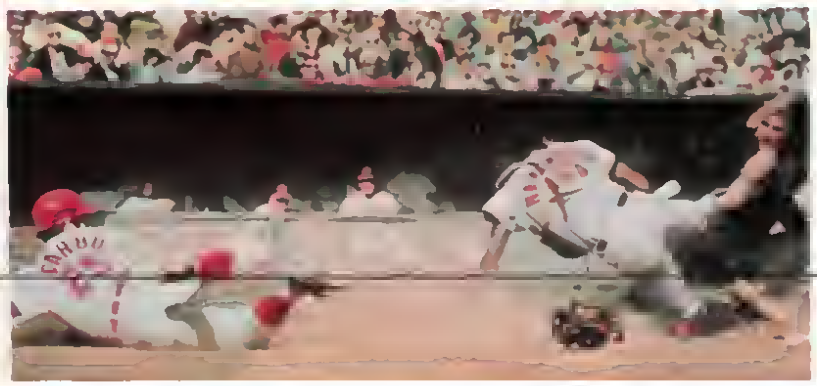
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The first of these controversial plays occurred in the sixth inning of Game One between Cincinnati and Baltimore in 1970. The score was 3–3 in the Cincinnati, or home, sixth. With one out, Bernie Carbo was on third and Tommy Helms was on first. Ty Cline bounced one in front of the plate. Home Plate Umpire Ken Burkhart moved up the third baseline, straddling the chalk. He signaled a fair ball. Oriole Pitcher Jim Palmer, seeing that Catcher Elrod Hendricks was thinking about throwing to first, yelled to his batterymate to pay attention to an onrushing Carbo instead. A whirling Hendricks accidentally knocked Burkhart to the ground while lunging for Carbo.

Burkhart untangled himself and ruled Carbo out, much to the latter's chagrin. Burkhart swore he had seen Hendricks tag the runner. Hendricks confirmed that claim. But the videotape replays revealed that while Hendricks had indeed tagged Carbo with his catcher's mitt, *the ball itself was in his bare hand.* Moreover, Carbo failed to touch the plate until a return trip there to protest the call. A Brooks Robinson homer in the seventh eventually gave the Orioles a 4–3 victory.





The '70 Series opened the decade with a famous controversial play (shown here) in Game One, Cincinnati up. Baltimora's Catcher Hendricks topples Ump Ken Burkhart in his hasta to "tag" the Reds' Carbo. The mitt snagged Carbo, but the ball remained in Hendricks' bare hand. Carbo failed to touch the plate until he retumed to argue the ruling—OUT!



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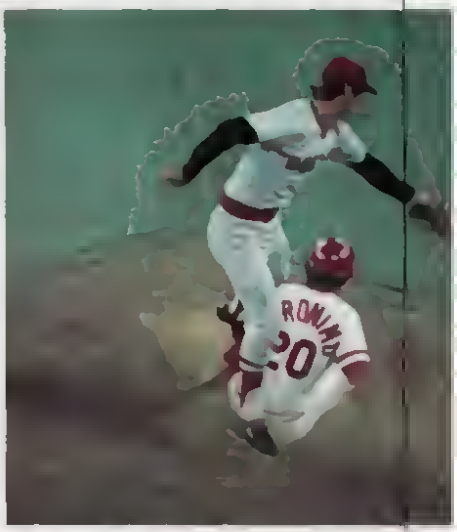
Like all Quaker State Motor Oils, Sterling can help your car last and help you avoid expensive engine repairs.



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The next *cause célèbre* came in Game Three of the dazzling 1975 Series. Cincinnati was at bat in the bottom of the tenth inning of a 5–5 game. Cesar Geronimo led off with a single, bringing bunt specialist Ed Armbrister to the plate. He promptly delivered his specialty, the ball heading out in front of the plate. As Red Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk advanced toward the ball, he collided with Armbrister. Fisk was knocked off stride, but he recovered in time to make a play at second. His throw sailed into centerfield, and Geronimo advanced to third, scoring the winning run on Joe Morgan's bases-loaded, one-out single.

The Red Sox had claimed interference on Armbrister, but Plate Umpire Larry Barnett did not agree. By the following day, every American who had ever been even dimly aware of Babe Ruth's existence had become an instant expert on interference. Much of the discussion centered on whether the word "intent" was primary to the presence of interference. Left unresolved was whether the bump should have contributed to Fisk's throw to centerfield. A good throw would have had Geronimo by a considerable margin.







It's '75, Game 3, Riverfront Stadium, Cincinnati-Boston. The Reds' Geronimo (above) singles, PH Armbrister (No. 33 below) follows with a bunt. Sox Catcher Fisk, diving to retrieve it, tangles with Armbrister, who "spoils" the throw. Interference is charged, but Ump Barnett (right) rules otherwise, despite the catcher's vigorous protests.

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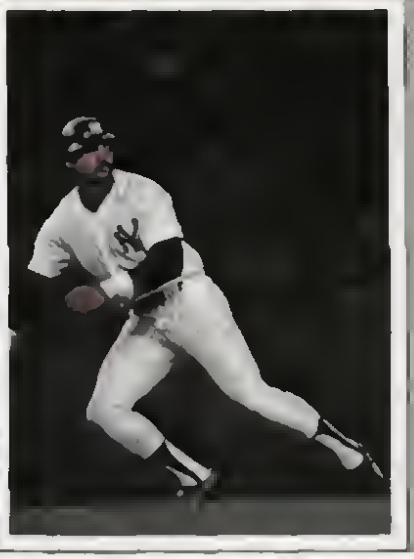
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Reggie Jackson (right), a Yankee slugger in the '78 Series, was retired by Dodgers' Russell at second in the sixth inning of Game 4. Did Jackson "hip" Russell's throw to first, allowing Piniella and Munson to score? Dodger Manager Tom Lasorda (below), who believes Jackson did, airs his views to the poor ump along with protesting L.A. team members.



Three years later the baseball fans again debated a murky procedural topic, this one involving interference by a baserunner.

The man in question was none other than Mr. October himself, Reggie Jackson. It was the sixth inning of Game Four at Yankee Stadium in 1978. Los Angeles led the Yankees 3–1, but New York had one run in. The late Thurman Munson was on second and Jackson was on first.

Lou Piniella sent a liner toward L.A. Shortstop Bill Russell. The ball hit off Russell's glove. Munson, certain the ball would be caught (the ball had appeared to be thoroughly catchable), had already retreated back toward second. Now he headed for third. Russell opted for a 6–3 double play, stepping on second to retire Jackson and then throwing to first. Jackson, who was then legally retired, ever so slightly swung a hip to his right as the ball approached. It struck him in the right leg and bounced away, as Munson scored the second New York run. The Dodgers protested to First Base Umpire Frank Pulli that Jackson had illegally inter-

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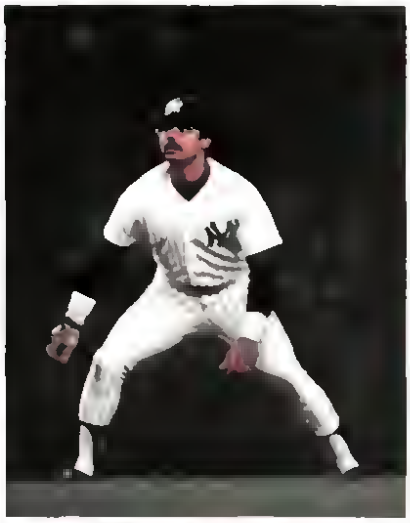
fered with the ball, and that Pinella should be ruled out and the run nullified, but it was not to be. New York, en route to sweeping four games after having dropped the first two, won the game by a 4–3 score in the tenth.

Jackson, of course, was the dominant individual of World Series' play in the seventies. The decade would not lack for World Series heroes, ever since Brooks Robinson had turned the 1970 Series into a personal showcase with a spectacular combination of hitting (.429, two home runs) and fielding (half a dozen memorable plays at third base, at least two of which could be termed "miraculous"). Robinson would be followed by Steve Blass, Roberto Clemente, Gene Tenace, Jim (Catfish) Hunter, Rollie Fingers, Joe Rudi, Dick Green, Pete Rose, Johnny Bench, Thurman Munson, Graig Nettles (whose fielding heroics at third best approximated Robinson's), Brian Doyle and Willie Stargell; all had their moments—indeed their Series—but only Reggie Jackson had his Series decade.

You could look it up, as Casey Stengel used to say. In 86 at-bats, for two different teams, Reggie Jackson blasted his way into the record books and into the minds of baseball fans as a premier clutch performer. Nine home runs. Twenty-three runs batted in. A ringing .767 slugging percentage. A dramatic three consecutive home runs off three different Los Angeles pitchers in Game Six of the 1977 Series. Combined with a home run he had hit in his final at-bat in Game Five, and having walked in the first inning of the sixth game, this meant that Jackson had produced four home runs in four consecutive swings, since each of the final three were first pitch jobs. Such heroics have seldom been equalled in the annals of any sport.

That Jackson should be a central figure on the decade's two most bizarre teams seems somehow appropriate, for he has a talent and a personality well-suited for fiction. Combat, both internal and external, was central to the make-up of both the 1972-74 champion Oakland A's and the 1977-78 champion New York Yankees. The former outfit was essentially united by a universal hatred of the team's owner, the mercurial, cantankerous Charles O. Finley. The latter club seemed to thrive on civil disorder, much of it focusing on Jack-









Whether playing for the Oakland A's or the New York Yankees, Reggie Jackson (above) made his mark. Despite a rare slump in '70, he blasted his way back to unanimous MVP in '73, and a Series victory. In '74 a bearded Reggie (above) clouts a homer. Below, as a New York Yankee, he exults with his captain, the late Thurman Munson.

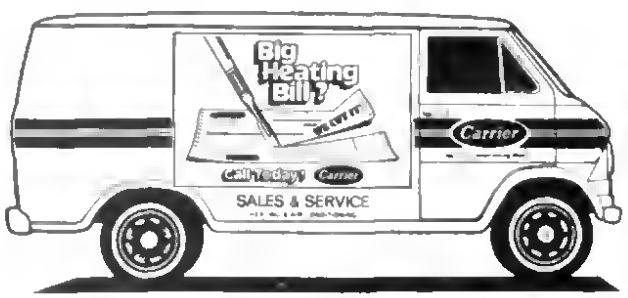
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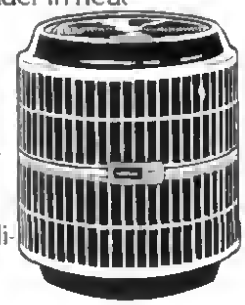
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The A's Fingers (left), at critical point in '72, came on to retire PH Janvier for the final out of Game 2. He is overwhelmed (below) by teammates after the strikeout. Catfish Hunter (above), feuding with Finley in '74 and soon to be a free agent, confers with his catcher. The A's mercurial Charles O. Finley (bottom, left) with Manager Williams, who left after '73.





who had joined a team already in possession of a pennant, and who proceeded to alienate almost everyone with a loose tongue that claimed for himself, among other things, instant team leadership.

Jackson's direct contribution to the first Oakland championship Series effort in 1972 was nil. He missed the entire Series with Cincinnati due to a severely pulled hamstring (his replacement, Jesus Alou, occupied his position, but accomplished little else, batting .042). This was the Series in which a heretofore obscure Oakland catcher named Fury Eugene Tenace hit four home runs, including one in each of his first two World Series at-bats. It was also the Series of the A's Gonzalo Marquez, a now-forgotten Venezuelan outfielder who had three key pinch hits. It was also the Series in which the superb pitching tandem of Oakland's Catfish Hunter and Rollie Fingers was unleashed upon the National League. In a combined total of 70⅓ innings covering 23 appearances against three different National League teams, these two pitchers compiled a 1.79 earned average.

Fingers' worth to the A's might very well have been incalculable. We are, after all, deep into the Era of the Reliever, and there has been no more consistently outstanding reliever in the past 10 years than Rollie Fingers. Consider that the composite Oakland team batting average during their three World Series was .211, and that not a single A's pitcher pitched a complete Series game. Then try to imagine what the team's victory chances would have been without the efforts of Fingers, who yielded a meager five earned runs in 33⅓ innings pitched over those three Series.

The A's were the team for the baseball purist, since all the team knew how to do was win. They were masters of the timely hit and the big fielding play, and when all else failed they always had pitching to fall back on. They won their first title in 1972 by defeating Cincinnati in an exhausting struggle during which six of the seven games were decided by one run. They repeated amidst much off-the-field controversy in 1973, again winning in seven games, this time over the New York Mets, who had entered the Series with the lowest winning percentage of any pennant winner in history (.509). In this Se-

nes. New York provided baseball psychiatrists with a study in frustration that may well be the standard for generations to come. The Mets left 72 men on base in the seven games, and in one agonizing stretch they somehow managed to strand at least one man in 30 out of 34 innings. Let it be recorded that the estimable Mr. Fingers, he of the well-waxed handlebar mustache, held New York to one earned run in 13⅔ innings. Only in Game Four, a 6–1 New York Mets' triumph, did he fail to appear.

Perhaps the ultimate Oakland-type performance came in 1974, however, when Second Baseman Dick Green make himself a serious candidate for Series MVP honors as the A's swept aside the Los Angeles Dodgers in five games. What distinguished Green's candidacy was the fact that in 13 at-bats he failed to get so much as one base hit. The quiet veteran, who had already announced he planned to retire following the Series, was magnificent afield, roaming in both directions to cut off base hits, executing flawlessly as the middle man on double plays and making good relay throws. His final deed accomplished, Green bade the A's, and baseball, farewell and retired to the furniture business in Rapid City, S. Dak., which is about as far removed from the way Reggie Jackson will exit as could ever be imagined.

The A's began to unravel when Finley's clerical error allowed Catfish Hunter to escape following the 1974 season. The team won the American League Western Division in 1975, but they were beaten in three straight games by the Red Sox in the playoffs (only the most resolute league flacks persist in calling them the "League Championship Series"). In time, each of the key performers defected to far greener financial pastures. Jackson, an impending free agent, was traded to Baltimore in 1976. He then signed with the Yankees. Fingers headed for San Diego, which has yet to be a contender. Jackson continued on his inexorable march toward Cooperstown. When he gets there, he should demand that Fingers accompany him.

The next great team of the decade was Cincinnati, which won both the epic 1975 Series with the Boston Red Sox and the drab 1976 mismatch with the New York Yankees. The Reds could hit, field and run, and if

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Boston's RF Dwight Evans (above) whose stupefying catch of Morgan's homer attempt in the top of the 11th stopped Cincl's bid, gats bis hit in the historical sixth game. Bernie Carbo (below left) clouts an eighth-inning pinch home run and Carlton Fisk (below right) rounds the bases after firing a resounding homer to end Game 6 of '75.

Captain Willie Stargell (next page) the Pirates' grand old man, led his team to victory over Baltimore with his "never-give-up" attitude. Only the fourth team in baseball history to win a Series after trailing three games to one, "Pops," 38, posted a Series record of 25 total bases to help the Bucs roar to glory and end the decade.

they were a little shy of pitching, they were just competent enough in that department to complement their great strengths in the other departments.

Of all the statements that could be made about the Series of the seventies, none would be less controversial than this: the single best game was Game Six in 1975. It was a four-hour-one-minute morality play, highlighted by a final five innings that contained the type of sustained drama only baseball is capable of generating. From the moment in the bottom of the eighth when Bernie Carbo, batting for Pitcher Roger Moret, hanged a three-run, game-tying, two-out, two-strike home run into the centerfield bleachers, to the moment when Carlton Fisk hit a Pat Darcy pitch off the leftfield foul pole to give the Red Sox a 7–6 win in the 12th, the game was simply not played on a normal level.

Somewhat forgotten in the intervening years was the Red Sox ninth, when they failed to score after loading the bases with none out, thanks to a strong George Foster throw from left to get Denny Doyle, who was trying to score on a Fred Lynn fly ball. Also obscured in the glowing memory of the Carbo and Fisk home runs was a tremendous game-saving catch in the 11th by Boston Rightfielder Dwight Evans, who robbed Joe Morgan of a three-run homer with a difficult over-the-shoulder grab. "This is some kind of game, isn't it?" said Pete Rose to Carlton Fisk as the history was unfolding. No one was about to argue the point.

The Reds would give way as champions to the Yankees, a store-bought bunch of veterans assembled partly through the trading guile of Gabe Paul and partly through the checkbook of principal owner George Steinbrenner. They defeated the Dodgers in 1977 in a largely forgettable Series, a languid affair now remembered only as the pretense for Jackson's record-book assault. Their 1978 repeat simply reaffirmed their domination of the Dodgers, a nice team that had been constructed more for the 162-game haul than for a seven-game explosion.

The decade would close with an anthem, and a new hero. Well, actually, it was an old hero, for when Willie Stargell completed his transformation from local hero to that of a lumber-toting, black Ben Cartwright, he was 38 years of age and had just completed his 17th full season in the big leagues. How sweet it was for the Pirate leader to enjoy such a productive

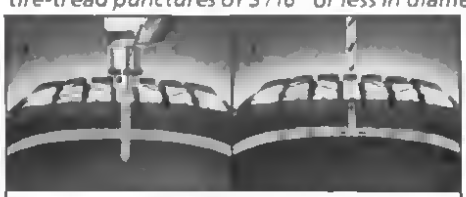


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World Series, since in his only previous Series appearance he had been a washout, having contributed no home runs, one RBI and a .208 batting average to the Pirates' cause against Baltimore in 1971. But eight years later, facing, ironically, the same opponent, he redeemed himself, batting .400 with three home runs. His homer turned around Game Seven, and his smile illuminated the TV screen, night after night.

The Pirates, in turn, immortalized Sister Sledge's rousing song, *We Are Family*, linking sports and music in a manner that was well appreciated by the millions of Americans in their twenties and early thirties who had grown up as children both of the Top Forty and the Top Ten batters.

But if Stargell's Pirates were lunky, they were also determined and efficient. They had come back from a 3–1 deficit to defeat the pitching-rich Orioles in seven games. The trappings of the game were a bit different from what they had been back when the decade had begun, but the game's nature had not changed. The Pirates had shown the world how to play an old game and have fun at the same time.

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With a ball he is 10 feet tall



Joe Morris of Syracuse is only 67 inches high, but his yardage gained is gigantic

It's easy to spot Syracuse Running Back Joe Morris on a crowded football field. He's the little guy. He stands 5′ 7″ short, which is almost, but not quite, big enough for him to see over his blockers' shoulder pads. True, he weighs 183 pounds, but even so he's a David among the Goliaths of the gridiron.

In the record book, on the other hand, Morris is about to become a giant—assuming, that is, he doesn't suddenly get squashed by one of those behemoths he's forever running circles around. Come November, Morris should join Tony Dorsett of Pitt and Amos Lawrence of North Carolina as the only runners in NCAA Division IA history to gain 1,000 yards in each of their freshman, sophomore and junior years. He picked up 1,001 two years ago as an unknown freshman despite not breaking into the starting lineup until the fourth game. Last year he added 1,372 more. And there's no telling how far he may go in 1980. Already he has rushed for 492 yards in just three games—a 31–21 loss at Ohio State, followed by wins the past two weekends in Syracuse's new Carrier Dome. Morris christened the 52,205-seat, fiber-glass-roofed facility on Sept. 20 by rushing for 170 yards and three touchdowns and scoring a fourth TD on a 94-yard kickoff return as the Orange beat Miami of Ohio 36–24. Last Saturday he ran for 172 yards and another touchdown in Syracuse's 42–21 defeat of Northwestern. Along the way Morris has been methodically bumping off the titans of Syracuse football history. Last year, while setting the school's single-season rushing record, he passed the career rushing totals of Jim Nance (1,605) and Jim Brown (2,091). On his first carry this season, a 23-yarder against the Buckeyes, he overtook Ernie Davis (2,386). With his first carry Saturday against Northwestern, a 20-yarder, he moved past Floyd Little (2,704) into second place among Orange runners. Morris now needs only 70 more yards to zonk Larry Csonka (2,934) right off the top of Syracuse's alltime list. He should get that this Saturday when the Orangemen play Kansas on the fast track inside the Dome. Last year against the Jayhawks Morris rushed for 252 yards to break Csonka's school single-game record of 216.

Morris isn't the only little man making big noises this season. Going into this weekend's play, four of the NCAA's top 10 rushers, including Morris and Citadel's appropriately named Stump Mitchell, stand under 5′ 10″. The other noteworthy small fry include Houston's leading rusher both last year and this, 5′ 9″ Terald Clark. Stanford's Darrin Nelson, also 5′ 9″, who had to sit out his school's 31–14 upset of Oklahoma last Saturday because of a hip injury, is the only collegian in history to rush for 1,000 yards and catch 50 passes in a single season, and he's done it twice. At Indiana, 5′ 7″ senior Mike Harkrader has become the Hoosiers' alltime leading rusher (2,720 yards). Among the giants are North Carolina's 5′ 11″ Lawrence, who could finish his career as the sixth or seventh leading college runner ever, and Auburn's 5′ 10″ James Brooks, who paced the SEC in rushing last year. Still, it's Morris whom Penn State's Joe Paterno calls "pound for pound the greatest running back in America."

Appropriately, Morris made his football debut, at age eight, in a midget league. What's more, at 4′ 2″ he was the midget of the league, which was in Southern Pines, N.C., near Fort Bragg where his father, Earl, a Green Beret who recently retired after 28 years in the Army, was stationed. That year Morris' coach told him he was too small to be a running back and installed him at offensive guard and defensive tackle, a move Morris understandably still describes as "peculiar." As a fifth-grader Morris played quarterback and discovered that he couldn't see downfield over his own linemen. It wasn't until the sixth grade that he finally became a running back. In high school in Ayer, Mass., near Fort Devens, Morris rushed for 3,664 yards in three varsity seasons. In the process he set school game, season and career yardage records, all of which have since been erased by a 5′ 8″ younger brother, Larry, who is now a high school senior.

Not many colleges were interested in Morris, who weighed only 165 pounds

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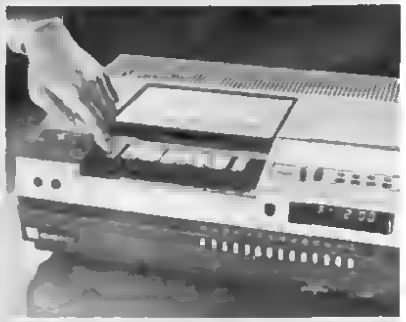


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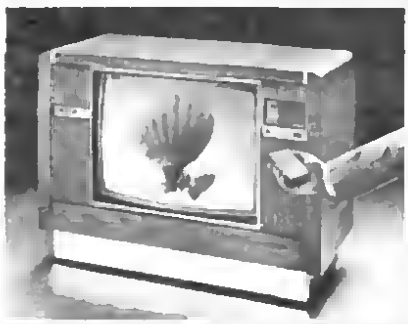
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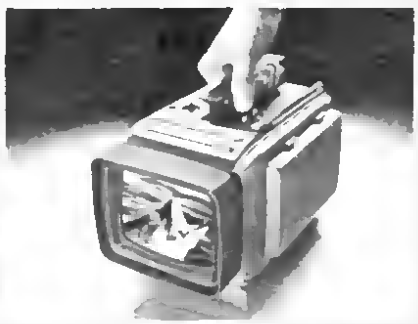
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during his final high school season. His choice came down to Syracuse or the University of New Hampshire, and he based his decision on academic, not athletic considerations. "My mom and dad [illegible] me with the thought that a college degree was more important than football," he says. "Football came easily to me. I have to work to be good at academics. My top goal was always to succeed in school." Morris majors in child and family studies, has a 2.5 grade point average and frequently is chided by teammates for the amount of time he spends in the library. In fact, when Syracuse was [illegible] to play in the Independence Bowl [illegible] its first postseason invitation since [illegible], Morris was [illegible]. "Football takes so much time [illegible]," he says of his [illegible]. "[illegible] I had been thinking what [illegible]." [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] was hanging all over Morris. Instead of pitching out, Warner turned up field and ran 83 yards for the game's first score. Two series later Warner got a second TD on an almost identical play from [illegible] out. Then midway through the [illegible] quarter, on yet another option play, the Northwestern safety chose to [illegible] and hit Warner. A split second before contact was made, Warner calmly pitched to Morris, who ran the eight yards into the end zone untouched for a 21–0 Syracuse lead. Thereafter the two teams traded touchdowns.

Morris was the last player to leave the locker room after the game, and he did so only after offering his own definition of short. "I used to worry about my height," he said, "but I finally figured out that even though I'm shorter than most people, I can work harder. My dad taught me that there is no equalizer like hard work. My idea of little is someone with a little mind, someone who says a person can't do something because of his or her height."

[illegible]

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST [illegible] SMU [illegible] SMU [illegible] Texas A&M [illegible].

[illegible] Kevin Jackson [illegible] yards [illegible] 117 and almost [illegible] the Razorbacks. But Arkansas won 13–10 when [illegible] kicked a late 41-yard field goal.

[illegible] who injured his [illegible] in the [illegible] quarter, and fought back [illegible] to defeat North Texas State [illegible]. Rice [illegible] Louisiana State [illegible] TD [illegible] And [illegible] Texas [illegible].

TEXAS (3–0)
ARKANSAS (2–1) SMU (3–0)

WEST [illegible] Oregon [illegible] back Reggie Ochoa [illegible] 24–10 upset at Washington. [illegible] things by passing for [illegible] yards [illegible] for 77 and accounting for [illegible] down. The Huskies [illegible] turned [illegible] in the second [illegible] they were outgained [illegible].

With Rich Campbell [illegible] UCLA [illegible] Wildcats [illegible] Bill [illegible] second [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] San Diego State [illegible] Brigham Young defeated Long Beach State 41–[illegible] [illegible] caught 10 passes for [illegible] yards.

USC (3–0)
UCLA (3–0) STANFORD (3–1)

SOUTH It was the closest [illegible] Miami Defensive Line Coach [illegible] of the Hurricanes' 10–9 upset of Florida State. Miami allowed only one first down in the opening 28 minutes and remained No. 1 nationally in rushing defense by yielding [illegible] 28 yards on the ground to [illegible].

more, the Hurricanes racked up 291 yards against State, which had led the country in total defense with a 132-yard average. Both teams passed for 182 yards. The Seminoles nearly pulled the game out, scoring a touchdown with 39 seconds to go, but a pass for a two-point conversion was broken up.

The anticipated running duel between Maryland's Charlie Wysocki and North Carolina's Amos Lawrence was a dud. After fumbling away his first two carries and gaining 17 yards in 12 rushes, Wysocki was benched for most of the second half. Lawrence, meanwhile, ran for 103 yards and grabbed a 15-yard scoring pass to lead the Tar Heels to a 17–3 triumph. In another ACC matchup, Wake Forest handed North Carolina State its first loss, 27–7, as Jay Venuto passed for 255 yards and three TDs.

Auburn students hurled oranges at visiting Tennessee players before the game, which only got the Vols more juiced up. So aroused, Tennessee romped 42–0 in an SEC battle. The Vols put the game away with four first-half scoring drives that averaged 73 yards.

"Our defensive team had a good day at the office," said Defensive End E.J. Junior following Alabama's 41–0 defeat of Vanderbilt. The offense didn't do too badly, either, accumulating 481 yards of total offense.

Assorted mistakes and penalties were costly for Mississippi State, a 21–15 loser to unbeaten Florida, which won at home for the first time since 1978. In winning a non-conference game from Texas Christian 34–3, Georgia held the Horned Frogs to minus 10 yards rushing. Mississippi, which lost eight of 10 fumbles, was done in by Tulane, 26–24, when Vince Manalla booted a 29-yard field goal as time ran out.

ALABAMA (3–0)
MIAMI (4–0) NORTH CAROLINA (3–0)

MIDWEST Rain wasn't the only thing that dropped out of the sky to dampen the spirits of Oklahoma rooters. John Elway's passes also came teeming down—usually in the hands of intended receivers—as Stanford stunned the Sooners 31–14. In addition to provoking seven turnovers, building a 31–0 lead and holding Oklahoma without a first down for a stretch of almost 28 minutes, the Cardinals led in every vital category: 27–10 in first downs, 237 yards to 188 in passing; 44 yards to 33 in punting average. In fact, even though ace runner Darrin Nelson was sidelined with a bruised hip, Stanford outrushed the Sooners, 220 to 153.

Dwayne Crutchfield, a 232-pound tailback for Iowa State, didn't tell Coach Donnie Duncan how painful his bruised knee was. Instead, he told himself, "If I have to run through those holes on one leg, I'll do it." He did it. Crutchfield picked up 84 yards, Quarterback John Quinn threw a touchdown pass to Jim Knuth, and Alex Giffords boomed a 49-yard field goal as the Cyclones salvaged some glory for the Big Eight with a 10–7 non-conference win over Iowa.

Michigan's Bo Schembechler, normally an ultraconservative coach, took a rare gamble. With fourth down and inches to go at his own 29 on the first play of the fourth quarter, Schembechler decided to go for it, even though the Wolverines led South Carolina 14–10. His call—a fake punt and run—was anticipated by the Gamecocks, who turned it into a Bo boo-boo. After stopping the play cold, South Carolina marched in for the score and a 17–14 win. Michigan had taken a 14–3 lead when John Wangler twice passed to Anthony Carter for TDs. George Rogers kept the Gamecocks on the move by pounding out 142 yards in 36 carries.

Southern California arrived in Minnesota just in time for that state's first frost of the fall. USC got a chill of another sort during the game, finding Gopher defenders as hard to budge as icebergs. Minnesota, which had given up 47 points to Ohio State the week before, kept USC off the scoreboard until walk-on Quarterback Gordon Adams hit Flanker Kevin Williams with a 29-yard pass 46 seconds before the half. Eric Hipp's 39-yard field goal made it 10–0, but the Gophers cut the margin to 10–7 when Marion Barber scored on a 16-yard jaunt. Near the end, Minnesota's iceberg defense melted, and Trojan Tailback Marcus Allen broke loose for scoring runs of 20 and 37 yards as USC won 24–7. In all, Allen rushed 42 times for 216 yards.

Both quarterbacks accumulated impressive stats as Ohio State defeated Arizona State 38–21 in another Big Ten-Pac-10 showdown. Mike Pagel of the Sun Devils ran for 25 yards and passed for 288 and a pair of touchdowns as he connected on 24 of 49 attempts. That gave him 313 yards overall, three more than Art Schlichter of the Buckeyes. When not running for 39 yards, Schlichter hit on 14 of 19 passes for 271 yards and three TDs. Six of Schlichter's passes, good for 133 yards and 12 points, went to Doug Donley.

OHIO STATE (3–0)
NEBRASKA (3–0) NOTRE DAME (2–0)

EAST For Penn State, which hoped to avenge last season's 42–17 loss at Nebraska, the rematch turned into more of the same. Jarvis Redwine of the Huskers stunned the Nittany Lions with another vintage performance, powering his way for 189 yards and two touchdowns on 34 carries. Quarterback Jeff Quinn added deft passing, connecting on 12 of 17 throws for 158 yards. And the Nebraska defense was positively devastating, forcing seven turnovers and sacking Penn State quarterbacks nine times for minus 88 yards. When it was all over, the Nittany Lions had lost again, 21–7.

Before leaving the game early in the second quarter with a slightly sprained knee, Pittsburgh Quarterback Dan Marino uncorked three touchdown passes as he made good on nine of 15 attempts for 150 yards. That was enough to send the Panthers on their way to a 36–2 triumph over Temple. In the fourth period, Rick Trocano, who had been the Panthers' No. 1 signal caller last season until Marino took charge, stepped in. Trocano, who had started at safety against the Owls, made the most of his chance by completing five of six passes for 80 yards and leading the Panthers to a final TD.

There was Boston College, memories of the previous week's startling 30–13 upset of Stanford still fresh in mind. There was host Villanova, winless in three outings and about to be led into combat for the first time by freshman Quarterback Kevin Ingram. "He didn't know he'd be starting," Wildcat Coach Dick Bedesam said. "I was hoping the emotion of him starting would spark the kids." Apparently it did. Ingram was on target with five of eight passes for 81 yards before a leg cramp put him out of commission in the third period. The Wildcats, who led 13–9 at that point, scored again under the direction of senior Pat O'Brien and went on to win 20–9.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: John Elway, Stanford's sophomore quarterback, was the main man in a 31–14 upset of Oklahoma, completing 20 of 34 passes for 237 yards and three touchdowns. He also ran 18 times for 37 yards and a TD.

DEFENSE: Jim Burt, a 6′ 1″, 252-pound senior middle guard, enabled Miami to shock previously unbeaten Florida State 10–9 by causing five fumbles, making 11 tackles and batting away three Seminole passes.

Fred Reitzel, who played in the defensive secondary the past two seasons, solidified his hold on the quarterback job at Navy by passing for 206 yards during a 45–6 rout of William & Mary. Three Middie touchdowns came on passes by Reitzel, who hit on 13 of 16.

In the final game of a series that began 111 years ago, Rutgers defeated Princeton 44–13 as Ed McMichael threw four touchdown passes. The Tigers requested an end to the competition, insisting they could not compete on the same level with the Scarlet Knights, who take on Alabama next week. Four other outsiders knocked off Ivy League teams, Bucknell beating Brown 28–20 as Ken Jenkins ran for 192 yards, Lehigh routing Penn 35–6, New Hampshire defeating Dartmouth 24–7 and Colgate upending Cornell 38–20. Three Ivies won. Harvard edged Holy Cross 14–13, Yale beat Connecticut 20–10 and Columbia defeated Lafayette 6–0.

PITT (3–0)
PENN STATE (2–1) RUTGERS (3–0)

by Henry Hecht

Life with the Gozzlehead

Mickey Rivers often seems to speak no known tongue, but his bat is eloquent



Presenting the one and only Mickey Rivers. He walks to home plate, slowly, delicately, as if all 10 toes and both heels are broken. His use of the English language is unique. His visits to the racetrack are legendary. He's been known to take a day off when there isn't one scheduled. But understand this: when he wants to, Rivers can play.

Rivers plays for the Texas Rangers these days, and his 1980 stats tell just how good he can be: a .332 batting average, 205 hits, 32 doubles, 60 RBIs, 18 steals in 24 attempts. His remarkable speed makes him a capable centerfielder, and he compensates for a weak arm with a curious, quick release that makes his arms flap like a chicken. As good as he is, though, he used to be even better. With the pennant-winning Yankees of 1976, '77 and '78, he was an intimidating leadoff man, just as Willie Wilson is now for the Royals. Mick the Quick could make pitchers, catchers and infielders squirm. No more.

Rivers isn't as mercurial as he used to be off the field, either. "I figure it's a little bit more settling for me here," he says, referring to Texas. "I relax. It's a different pace. New York's got a bad pace. I got to get up and do something every day there. I'm not going to say it's better for me here, but I think I needed a change of pace. It's been much easier here. Different people around here."

As the season winds down, the Rangers are fading, and Rivers is watching, because a cast was placed on his left leg last week. He has calcium deposits in his left ankle and may not play again this year. There have been times when Rivers said he couldn't play and was a minority of one in that opinion. This time, it's legit.

Rivers is often a minority of one. There's no one quite like the Gozzlehead. Rivers, who is from Miami, used to call almost everyone on the Yankees Gozzlehead, a word he first heard as a child in the ghetto. Sometimes he would use Warplehead. About once a month he would come out with Mailboxhead. For the uninitiated, a Gozzlehead is, according to Rivers, "Just, you know, like a bullfrog face. Now a Warplehead, that's a different shape. A funny-looking creature. Odd-shaped. Funny-looking."

Rivers must terrify country-club Republicans. He's pure, unreconstructed ghetto, completely spontaneous. He's been known to dance in the aisles of the team bus when the music from the tape decks moved him. Just about every black athlete makes some accommodation in speech and dress to a white-dominated world. Rivers has never considered anything of the sort. Mickey just does what seems best for Mickey, which is often so off the wall that in some circles Rivers is known as Mick the Thick.

Yankee Shortstop Bucky Dent, who went to Miami Dade Community College North a year after Rivers left the school to play pro ball, makes this contribution to the legend of the Gozzlehead: "There was a lake between the locker room and the field. They tell me, sometimes Mickey would stop and sit by the lake, fall asleep and show up in the first or second inning. One day our pitcher was warming up to start the fifth inning, and the umpire looked around and said to our coach, 'Hey, where's your centerfielder?' Apparently Mickey had jumped the fence and took off. He told the coach later that he thought some guys were going to come out on the field and get him."

For all his quirks, Rivers is also a sweetheart, too generous sometimes for his own good, certainly too trusting. Children follow him like the Pied Piper. "You can be real with them," Rivers says. He also looks at life as a joyful, uncomplicated experience, something to be taken only one day at a time. Listen to Oscar Gamble, a Yankee teammate in 1976 and one of the players for whom Rivers was traded last year when the Gozzlehead went from New York to Texas. "You come out to the ball park with him," Gamble says, "and he'll pick out a kid and give him $5 or $10 to get something to eat. He's got one of the nicest hearts you'd ever want to see."

Rivers started in the Braves' organization in 1969 but was traded to California for Hoyt Wilhelm after that season. He made it to the Angels to stay in 1974 and hit .285 with 30 steals. After he stole 70 bases in 84 tries in '75, he and Ed Figueroa were traded to the Yankees for Bobby Bonds.

Oh, what a '76 he had, hitting .312 and stealing 43 bases in 50 attempts. The Yankees blew out the American League

continued



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East and Rivers was the igniter, winning four times as many votes as Thurman Munson in a team MVP election taken at the end of August. But in the league MVP competition, Munson was the winner, and Rivers, who got hurt in mid-September, finished third. It should be noted that Rivers had already started to la-di-da it when he got hurt.

"Mickey was an awesome player that year," says Fran Healy, a Yankee catcher then and now a broadcaster for the team. "I usually use the word awesome when a player can hit the ball 900 feet. But Mickey was awesome."

Rivers' problems really got started the next year, even though he hit .326 with 12 home runs and 69 RBIs. Let it be said that the Gozzlehead doesn't exactly hoard his money. To keep up with expenses, he would constantly badger the Yankees for advances. After all, if a man wants to, he can go to the track just about every day and night of the year in New York.

"One day on the road I ran into him at the track," says one Yankee official. "Mickey won the first race, won the second race, won the double, won the third race. So he's up about two grand because he bets good. So I said, 'Let's go home, you can't win any more.' I even got him to agree. So he bet $100 on the fourth race and we got into a cab, but when we got to the hotel, he said, 'Oh, I got to go back. I left my hat and umbrella back there.' So he went back and lost all the money he'd won."

Rivers also started to lose his confidence on the bases, partly because Billy Martin wouldn't let him run on his own. He had enjoyed that luxury in California, and did again last year with the Yankees under Bob Lemon and then the reinstated Martin. Rivers blames sore legs for his reduced number of steals—10 last season—but, almost to a man, his former Yankee teammates suspect he simply lost confidence in himself as a base stealer.

"Mick and I had had our own bit-and-run sign," says Willie Randolph, who replaced Rivers as New York's leadoff hitter. "I'd give it and Mick wouldn't go. And I'd ask him about it, and he'd say, 'Uh, you know . . . uh, you know . . . we'll get 'em next time.' And next time I'd give the sign, and the same thing would happen." Randolph smiles warmly. "I miss him. I miss him to death."

Rivers could be stubbornly unprofessional in other ways. He had to be talked into playing the last game of the 1977 playoffs with Kansas City. He wanted another advance; the Yankees said no, and Rivers said he was prepared to spend the evening in the trainer's room. That's the Gozzlehead. Then he went out and got the hit that tied the game in the ninth. That's also the Gozzlehead.

By 1979 Rivers was almost a complete cipher as a base stealer. When he was traded to Texas on July 30, he had only three steals in 10 attempts. It's almost impossible to imagine someone as fast as Rivers attempting only 10 steals in 74 games.

"We had to trade him; we had to get him out of the New York environment," says Yankee owner George Steinbrenner. "He's just a sweet, sweet kid. You know, when he played for us, a lot of times I'd come into my office at the Stadium in the afternoon, and he'd come in and visit. He'd just sit there, across the desk from me. I'd ask him, 'Any problems?' And almost always, he'd say, 'No problems, no complaints,' and he'd just sit there."

When Rivers arrived in Texas, Manager Pat Corrales made a wise decision. He told Mickey, "I'm going to leave you alone, and you just go out and play baseball." And Rivers, who can sulk when given orders he doesn't agree with, responded with his excellent season. Of course, it may also be significant that he's working in a state that doesn't have parimutuel betting.

The temptations of the road, however, aren't so easily avoided. In Baltimore this season, a cabbie showed up at the Rangers' hotel and picked up Rivers for a trip to a local track, even though Rivers had never called him. The cabbie just knew. He even waited at the track for Rivers so Mickey would get to the park on time. Something similar happened in Detroit. This time, though, the "cab" was a lime-green limo with JESUS painted on one door.

Inevitably, perhaps, Rivers hasn't entirely avoided run-ins with the understanding Corrales. When the Texas skipper accused Mickey of not hustling two weeks ago, the centerfielder pouted on the bench for three games. But after 205 hits, after a solid year in the field, after a season during which he did a lot of hustling, it would be unfair to dwell too long on the negative. Or to expect Rivers to be quite the player he used to be.

"I'm getting to a certain age," says Rivers, who'll be 32 later this month, "where I can't pound myself on the gravel like I used to. Some guys, a couple more years and they be out of the game. I'm going to pace myself and play for a good situation, 'cause if you hit that ground 150 times a year, you got to be pairing at the end of the year."

Not that the Gozzlehead is overly concerned. "Ain't no sense in worrying about things you got control over, 'cause if you got control over them, ain't no sense worrying," he says. Huh? Read on. "And there ain't no sense worrying about things you got no control over, 'cause if you got no control over them, ain't no sense in worrying about them. Now everything's fallen into place for me. The mistakes, the ups and downs, that's life. I'm playing baseball, doing what I like."

THE WEEK

(Sept 21-27)

by JIM KAPLAN

AL EAST The Yankees (5–2) were both good and lucky. They beat the Red Sox 3–0 when Ron Guidry and Goose Gossage combined on a four-hitter, and got by Cleveland 4–3 when Ron Hassey's line drive struck Indian base runner Toby Harrah on the hip. Harrah, in fair territory about 30 feet down the third-base line, was automatically retired for the last out of the game. The second-place Orioles (3–3) were understandably cynical. "I wonder how they won *this* time," Reliever Tim Stoddard said the following night upon hearing that the Yankees had beaten Cleveland 5–4. "Fred Stanley probably batted for Reggie Jackson and hit a grand slam." Offered Pitcher Mike Flanagan, "Maybe they activated Yogi Berra and he went deep." Not so, insisted Coach Frank Robinson. "A strikeout pitch hit [Indian catcher] Gary Alexander on the head," he said, "and by the time [Centerfielder] Rick Manning ran it down, four runs scored." Actually, pinch hitter Eric Soderholm singled home two runs in the ninth.

Cleveland's play helped the Yankees open a 5½-game lead with seven left. After losing three of four to New York—Yankee-killer Rick Waits beat his patsies 5–0—the Indians (3–4) twice defeated Baltimore. Still, the Orioles had no one to blame but themselves. On two occasions Scott McGregor failed to win his 20th game. In his first attempt, a 5–3 loss to Boston, Baltimore wasted 12 hits, stranded 10 runners and grounded into three double plays. In the second, McGregor blew a 4–0 lead and lost 6–5 to Cleveland. Red Sox (3–3) play ranged from pitiful, two key errors costing them an 8–6 defeat at Baltimore, to near

continued

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GOODYEAR

Out front. Pulling away.

perfect, in Dennis Eckersley's one-hitter against Toronto.

The Blue Jays (2–4) avoided a 100-loss season for the first time in their four-year history when Lloyd Moseby's four hits beat Detroit 6–5. In another notable baseball first, a Tiger (3–3) home game was delayed 18 minutes because the umpires' underwear was still in the dryer. At times the Tigers played as if they, too, were all wet. In a 9–7 loss to Toronto, Detroit pitchers threw four wild pitches and walked in a run; Catcher Lance Parrish was guilty of a passed ball; and Third Baseman Stan Papi committed two errors.

As usual, Milwaukee had hitting. Cecil Cooper batted .500, and Ben Oglivie took over the league home-run lead, at 38, by clubbing an inside-the-park grand slam to beat Oakland 10–7. But, owing to typically weak relief pitching, the Brewers had a 2–4 week. In consecutive losses of 7–5 to Seattle and 7–3 to California, the bullpen gave up seven runs in 7⅓ innings.

NY 99–56 BALT 93–61 BOS 81–70 MIL 83–73 DET 79–75 CLEV 77–77 TOR 64–90

AL WEST

Despite being the first team to clinch a divisional title, Kansas City (0–6) was concerned. Going into the week, the Royals had won 69% of their games with George Brett in the lineup, but while he went 4 for 23 and slipped from .396 to .384, they went on a seven-game losing streak. Plainly, letting George do it won't get K.C. through the playoffs. "The biggest thing in my mind is getting the pitching staff organized and the players in the right frame of mind," said Manager Jim Frey. He was succeeding at neither. When Rich Gale was sidelined by an ailing right shoulder and his replacement, Renie Martin, gave up seven runs in 3⅓ innings against Seattle, Frey wondered where he'd get a fourth starter. The players, meanwhile, were worried about Frey's insistence on keeping starters in the lineup. "He wants to win every game," said a veteran. "That's impossible. Besides, you need some rest after a long season."

Despite being the first team eliminated from a divisional race, Seattle (6–1) was elated. The Mariners extended their club-record winning streak to six by sweeping a three-game series with the Royals and beating Texas twice. The week's heroes were Glenn Abbott (two wins), Mike Parrott (two saves) and Willie Horton (three homers, his 1,990th hit and seven runs batted in).

Texas (1–6) could have used some tips from somebody. The Rangers' latest losing streak reached eight when the Mariners welcomed back Ferguson Jenkins from his controversial 14-day suspension by ripping him 7–2. The Texas and Seattle streaks ended when the Rangers beat the Mariners 7–3 as Al Oliver hit in his 16th straight game.

Ending another season on a misleading upswing, Minnesota (7–0) built an eight-game winning streak, moved into third and extended Manager John Goryl's tenure through 1981. The Twins had won 19 of 30 since Goryl replaced Gene Mauch on Aug. 25.

Chicago regained sole possession of fifth place with a 6–3 victory over California (3–3). The White Sox (3–4) more than earned it, getting four hits from Second Baseman Jim Morrison and a complete game from Rich Dotson. Earlier they accepted a 6–4 gift win from the A's (4–2), who yielded 10 walks and committed four errors.

KC 92–63 OAK 79–77 MINN 73–82 TEX 72–83 CHI 65–88 CAL 64–89 SEA 59–96

NL EAST

While the Phillies (5–2) and Expos (3–4) were fighting for the spoils (*page 20*), other clubs were being spoilers. St. Louis (5–2) took three out of five from Philadelphia, Montreal and Pittsburgh. But the Cardinals weren't exactly overcome with joy, not even Jim Kaat, whose 2,397th career strikeout lifted him past Sandy Koufax on the all-time list, nor Ted Simmons, whose grand slam and six RBIs whipped the Pirates 10–2. Said Kaat, "We shouldn't take much delight in being spoilers. If we'd played the kind of ball we're capable of, we'd be in contention ourselves." Added Simmons, "I'm looking forward to the September when I can have a big game that helps us win our division."

The Cubs (5–2) beat the Pirates twice and the Expos once. "It doesn't mean anything," said Pitcher Lynn McGlothen, a 5–4 victor over Montreal. "It was just as dead in our dugout today as it was in July. The ultimate goal is to win, and we've been awful." The Mets were worse than that—losing seven of seven, including their 13th straight one-run game, and falling to within half a game of last place.

Slipping down among the also-rans, the Pirates (3–4) began concentrating on individual goals. Omar Moreno said he would start swiping third as well as second to reach 100 steals—he had 93 at week's end. Moreno stole twice when the Pirates were trailing by six or more runs, outraging the Expos' Ron LeFlore, who also had 93 swipes. "What Moreno did was stupid," he said. "It didn't show a great deal of dignity. He was running scared." So, however, was LeFlore, whose broken hand prevents him from doing anything but pinch run. "It's not a race anymore," he said sadly. "It's all Omar Moreno." But that was the only title the defending world champions are likely to win. Their attack was so enfeebled that Pirate pitchers were among the best hitters. John Candelaria went 2 for 4 in his 9–4 win over the Mets, and Rick Rhoden, who was batting .405, drove in two runs to help beat St. Louis 6–3.

PHIL 85–69 MONT 85–70 PITT 80–75 ST.L 72–83 NY 63–92 CHI 62–92

NL WEST

Though eliminated from the race, the Braves (3–4) didn't lose their enthusiasm. "We're the guillotine now," said Pitcher Preston Hanna, as Atlanta took the heads of Los Angeles 7–2 and Houston 4–2. In the Astro game, a crowd of 24,897 pushed Braves attendance over the one-million mark for the first time since 1971. As a result, every team in the league reached that figure in the same season for the first time.

San Diego (3–4) also had a record-setting week. Gene Richards established team marks in stolen bases (58) and hits (188), and Ozzie Smith broke the 56-year-old major league record for assists by a shortstop with his 602nd. Hoping to improve the team's won-lost record, Jack McKeon switched jobs, from assistant to general manager to director of baseball operations, and acknowledged that henceforth the Padres would build more from their farm system.

The only records Los Angeles (3–4) set were for futility. After 10 straight wins over the Giants (3–4), Burt Hooton lost to them, 3–2. Manager Tom Lasorda lost his composure and may have cost the Dodgers a game. With runners on first and second, one out and L.A. leading San Diego 2–1 in the seventh, Padre Manager Jerry Coleman brought in lefthanded Bob Shirley to face lefty batter Rudy Law. Lasorda's countermove was obvious: insert righthanded Pedro Guerrero. But when he saw that Guerrero didn't have his batting shoes on, Lasorda let Law hit. He grounded into a fielder's choice. In the ninth Lasorda had lefthanded Rick Monday pinch-hit for switch hitter Derrel Thomas against righthanded Rollie Fingers. Neither Thomas nor Monday liked the idea. Thomas was batting .298 against righthanders, and Monday said later that he'd rather hit with men on base. Monday flied out and the Dodgers lost 3–2 to fall two games back of the Astros (5–2) (*page 24*).

Giant Manager Dave Bristol was hoping Lasorda would fall on his face. "Good luck, John," he told the Reds' (4–3) John McNamara, "I hope you win it." Bristol paused and then added, "I told Bill Virdon [of the Astros] the same thing."

"You going to tell Lasorda the same thing?" McNamara wanted to know.

"Never in my bleeping life," said Bristol.

HOUS 89–66 LA 87–68 CIN 85–71 ATL 80–75 SF 73–82 SD 69–87

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RICKEY HENDERSON: The A's leftfielder stole 12 bases, including four in each of two games, to equal Ty Cobb's American League season record of 96. A .290 hitter, Henderson also leads the AL in bases on balls, with 116.

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by Paul Zimmerman

Hey, look at us now, O.J.

Mr. Simpson is all but forgotten in Buffalo as the Bills, featuring rookie runner Joe Cribbs and Nose Tackle Fred Smerlas, open the season with four straight victories

The Buffalo Bills sit high atop the NFL. They were 4–0 after Sunday's surprisingly easy 24–7 victory over the Oakland Raiders, and only Detroit and San Diego could match that record. Yes, these are the same Bills who generated about as much preseason excitement as the new rule regarding injury time-outs in the last two minutes.

Buffalo's right guard, Conrad Dobler, and his matching set of arthritic knees were run out of New Orleans as a medical disaster. The Bills' right linebacker, Isiah Robertson, was run out of L.A. on grounds of instability. Their quarterback, Joe Ferguson, spent the first half of his eight-year NFL career handing the ball off to O.J. Simpson. And their coach, Chuck Knox, spent five years with the Rams, cranking out playoff teams. Let him go, the diehards said. His offense shows as much imagination as a Woody Hayes team operating in a blizzard.



Knox has changed last year's stiffs into stars

How could anyone get excited about these Bills? Granted, they were inching their way toward respectability in 1979, but still they were the worst team in the NFL at running the ball. And their defense was the fifth worst at stopping the rush. Besides, when the bell sounded four weeks ago, the offense was stripped of Buffalo's only active Pro Bowl player, Guard Joe DeLamielleure, who was traded to Cleveland, and the defense was going with exactly the same group that bombed out in '79.

Now it's 4 p.m. on Sept. 28, 1980, and the fans are blowing horns and tipping up that last can of beer in the parking lot at Rich Stadium, because their Bills have just shut down the Raiders, the No. 1 offensive team in the AFC. No one in the parking lot could quite figure out why the Bills are transformed, but they are. They're suddenly doing it the hard way, with tough defense, with ball control, with third-down conversions.

Buffalo has held three of its four opponents to less than 100 yards rushing. Oakland, coming off a 227-yard running game against Washington, could get only 70 against the Bills. "It's just a matter of a lot of young guys maturing, of a unit learning to play together," says Fred Smerlas, the 23-year-old nose tackle.

No, no, that's coaching talk. Party line. A stiff last year is a stiff this year. You don't just wave a magic wand.

"Listen," Smerlas says. "This year I've learned some moves, some fakes. Last year I just wanted to stand there and wrestle with the center, to club him—like this."

He waves a massive club that is disguised to look like a right arm. Smerlas is an imposing specimen, 270 pounds, thick through the chest, menacing behind a black mustache. "In a year you pick up some moves," he says. "I've learned to swim, to come in with the arm-over. Against [Oakland Center] Dave Dalby

continued



Cribbs cracked Oakland's defense for 90 yards and scored a touchdown in Buffalo's 24–7 romp

See you later, alligator.





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today, I was faking the head-butt to freeze him and then I'd swim—you know, swing the arm over to get by him, then take on the guard waiting for me."

The 3-4 defense begins with the nose tackle, and Smerlas is one of the NFL's most underrated and most unusual. He is one of the few, maybe the only one, who plays the whole way without relief. "I'm used to it," he says. "I was 270 coming out of high school. When I was 19 I got up to 305, just lifting weights and eating. At Boston College I played on a defense that was on the field 85 plays a game. One game, against Pitt, we faced 67 plays in the first half. At halftime they packed me in ice and kept pouring water into me. I'd lost 25 pounds. Then I went out and played the second half. I can play dizzy, too. It doesn't bother me."

The 3-4 may begin with the nose tackle, but it must stay solid all the way through the middle. When Tom Cousineau, Buffalo's and the league's No. 1 pick last year, defected to Canada, the Bills had to come up with another middle linebacker in a hurry. They found one in Jim Haslett, a wild man out of Indiana (Pa.) University. They already had a solid guy to play the other middle linebacker spot, Shane Nelson. Haslett had to be their sticker, but until this year his only brush with fame had come in the final game of 1979 when he stepped on Terry Bradshaw's head.

"The worst part of that was that I'm from Pittsburgh, and in the off-season it was all I heard," Haslett says. "My kid brother would get heat about it in school. I guess I was kind of wild last year. There would come a point in the game where I'd say, 'The hell with it. The hell with all this reading. I'm just going to chase the ball.' I started doing that this year, too, but you know, that's where they did a smart thing in bringing in Phil Villapiano from Oakland. He took me aside one day in practice and started showing me things, like how to keep the guards off me. I was trying to hand-fight. He showed me how to use the rip instead, to rip 'em through the head to get rid of them in a hurry."

Villapiano doesn't start for Buffalo, and there had been some concern that the Bills gave up too much for him in Wide Receiver Bobby Chandler, who's a regular for the Raiders. But on Sunday the Bills awarded Villapiano a game ball for his help in preparing them for his former teammates.

The Buffalo defense doesn't dazzle you with names, but something has clicked. Last year's stiffs have learned to play. For instance, the left end, Ben Williams, had one sack last year; now he has a team-leading 5½, after Sunday's 2½-sack game against Dan Pastorini.

The Bills' free safety is a tall, rangy guy named Jeff Nixon, whose main claim to fame had been an ancestor, not his accomplishments on the field. He's a direct descendent of Johann Sebastian Bach, and he takes a serious approach to the guitar. But right now his five interceptions, including a dive for a deep one against Pastorini, lead the NFL.

O.K., the season is only one-fourth over. This Sunday the Bills are in San Diego, and the whole equation could get upset. And before we get carried away, let's look at one statistic of significance. No defense in the NFL has been on the field for fewer plays this year than Buffalo's, which does say something for the Bills' ability to control the ball. Knox says the Bills have had possession of the ball for an average of nine minutes more per game than the opposition; on Sunday they held it for 41:07, leaving Oakland with only 18:53. "We ought to get half the defense's paychecks today," Dobler said.

The Bills controlled the ball for almost nine minutes the first time they had it and almost nine minutes the last time, and when things got sticky they fed it to a 5′ 11″, 190-pound workhorse named Joe Cribbs (30 carries, 90 yards). If his legs hold out, Cribbs will be a strong candidate for runner-up to Billy Sims as Rookie of the Year. The Bills have been converting third-down plays at a rate of better than 60%, and when they load up on third-and-one, they've been getting the yardage with two and three to spare. This leads one to believe that Knox is following the same conservative approach that put everyone to sleep in L.A., but it's not exactly true. There's a bit of the trickster in Knox, and this year it has surfaced.

Against Miami he opened the game with a bloop onside kick and threw a pass out of punt formation. He burned the Jets with an end-around on fourth-and-one. He opened the New Orleans game with a bomb. He picked up three first downs against the Raiders by slipping the ball to Roland Hooks on a draw play out of the shotgun. And he put the Oakland game away in the fourth quarter with a bit of razzle-dazzle called Fake 35 Reverse Pass, which gave the full treatment to Left Linebacker Ted Hendricks. Fake a running play at him, fake a reverse the other way, pass the ball to Cribbs. And while Hendricks was going into his backstroke, Cribbs was walking in for a 21-yard touchdown.

"Chuck brought stability to this organization," Ferguson says. "Jim Ringo was a good coach, but the authority had been taken out of his hands. He didn't have the say on trades. The drafts hadn't been good. Chuck came in and took over the whole show."

"The first place you have to start is in the scouting department," says Knox, who came to the Bills in 1978. "I got us out of the BLESTO combine and into a group with Dallas, Seattle and San Francisco. I brought in Norm Pollom to run our operation. He'd been responsible for getting a lot of those good defensive players for the Rams. In Buffalo they had been letting the BLESTO scouts do their drafting for them.

"This year I brought in some veterans I thought would give us stability, guys like Dobler and Ron Jessie and Villapiano who'd been with winners. The right kind of people can help you in ways that don't show up right away."

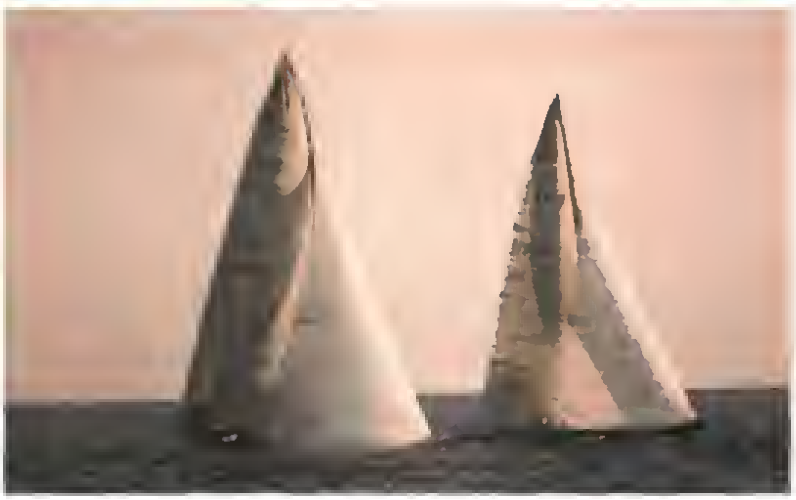
"They've started calling me an inspiration," says Dobler. "That's quite a transition, isn't it, from the meanest man in football to a medical wreck to an inspiration? Someday I'd just like to be known as a football player."

The Buffalo fans, who haven't had a playoff season since '74, have shown their appreciation in tangible ways. Last week 80,020-seat Rich Stadium was SRO by Tuesday, giving Buffalo its first home telecast since 1975. The Bills sold only 21,300 season tickets. The people in Buffalo are show-me fans. They don't commit big dollars in advance.

When the Bills opened the season by beating Miami for the first time in 11 years, the Buffalo fans tore up chunks of the AstroTurf, inflicting $8,000 worth of damage. They also ripped up the aluminum goalposts and tried to plant one of them in the private box of owner Ralph Wilson. "I'm going to have a section of the goalpost put in the box with the date and score inscribed on it," Wilson said. "This is the biggest win we've had here in 20 years."

Gently, gently, Ralph, there's a long season ahead. **END**

by Coles Phinizy



Australia's bendy mast gave her extra sail area but created some tricky problems for her crew

The score is now 24 for 24

With Freedom victorious 4–1, the U.S. defended the America's Cup yet again

It had been a long, long haul for both the winner, *Freedom*, and the challenger, *Australia*, but finally, on Sept. 25, under doleful, soggy skies pocked with southbound geese, the issue was laid to rest on Rhode Island Sound. When *Freedom* crossed the finish line to win the series 4–1, the America's Cup had been successfully defended for the 24th time. For the losing Aussies there was some consolation. In the 110 years since the Cup was first put up, challengers have won only eight of 85 races, and *Australia* this year got one of those wins from the best defender of them all.

Defending the America's Cup used to be a late-summer spectacle with a cavalier flair. It's now a hyper-serious, year-round business that exerts intense pressure not only on the crews and the taut yachts they sail, but also on the bankrolls of their backers. In 1958, when the Cup races were first sailed in 12-meter boats, *Easterner*, one of the three craft built specifically to defend that year, didn't go into the water until three months before the challenge. *Weatherly*, a rival only a month older than *Easterner*, almost totaled her bow on a breakwater while being towed out for her first trial run. Why? Because some dumb crumb-bum had linked up her rudder backward. Sloppy, sloppy, indeed, but that's the way it was back in the good old carefree days when a whole Cup campaign cost less than half a million.

No way that could've happened to this year's winner, *Freedom*. To earn the right to defend, *Freedom* sailed 408 miles in 47 races this summer, beating her U.S. rivals, *Clipper* and *Courageous*, by a cumulative score of 43 to four. But that impressive performance was only a small part of her pre-defense activities. *Freedom* first went in the water on May 9, 1979. In the 16 months between her commissioning and her first meeting with *Australia*, she sailed almost 250 days—roughly 10,000 miles—against her stablemate, *Enterprise*. In that same span, *Freedom* tested and retested, cut and recut 77 different sails. The whole two-boat extravaganza cost about $2 million.

In contrast, this year's loser, *Australia*, spent only about $1.3 million, tried only about two thirds as many sails and got in only about two thirds as much sailing, most of it in loneliness. None of the other prospective challengers she defeated—*France 3*, *Sverige* of Sweden and *Lionheart* of England—was her equal, and neither was her trial horse back home, the old challenger *Gretel II*. In sum, measured in terms of money or time or competition, *Freedom* had about a 35% edge, and that explains in part—but only in part—why the Cup still sits in the New York Yacht Club.

At the start of this year's series it indeed looked as if *Freedom*, like so many Yankee defenders before, would win in four straight. For the first half mile of the first race the boats marched along on a starboard tack together, *Freedom* high and climbing higher, and when *Australia* went over to port, she couldn't cross *Freedom* and had to tack back away. Right there the race was over—and seemingly the series as well.

It might have been a shutout, but the Aussies are restless sorts who don't enjoy losing the same way twice. In the foreign trials, *Lionheart* had used a new-fangled bendy mast that increased her mainsail area without penalty and also improved its efficiency. Taken by the idea, the Aussies in the early summer started building such a mast secretly in a warehouse in a dowdy section of the Newport waterfront. Was it too much to try so late? It certainly seemed so. When *Australia's* mainsails were first recut to accommodate the new configuration, they looked like bed sheets flapping in the air. The mast wasn't stepped until a week before the series against *Freedom* was to begin, and no sooner was it in place than the many gremlins that had pestered *Australia* during August reappeared in force. In the last crucial week that should have been spent training and evaluating sails, the Aussies had to take the mast out of their boat four times to repair or rebuild

continued

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this or that. Gazing up at the complexity of struts and shrouds that bolster the springy upper section of the mast, Ben Lexcen, the Australian who designed both the spar and the hull, observed, "If it doesn't work as a mast with all those wires, it should make a good antenna. When the racing is over, we'll simply turn the whole bloody boat into a radio station." Although the bendy mast seemed unworkable for a half dozen reasons, the challengers remained loyal to it, and for a brief time their stubbornness seemed to be paying off. In the second race, after trailing *Freedom* around four marks, *Australia* took a slight flyer downwind in sagging air that was to her liking. She was well ahead when the time limit of five hours, 15 minutes expired.

When the race was resailed the next day, *Australia* was able to cross *Freedom*'s bow 19 minutes after the starting gun. In the 22 years that the Cup has been contested in 12-meter boats, it was the first time a challenger had led at the first mark. Over the next three legs *Australia* increased her lead to 46 seconds and then blew it downwind to trail by 21 seconds as the boats headed back upwind to the finish. Halfway up that final leg *Freedom* had more than a minute lead as the wind began to drop with the setting sun. Then *Australia* began creeping up and 40 minutes along the leg she crossed *Freedom* by four lengths. At the end she had beaten the time limit by eight minutes and *Freedom* by 28 seconds. The game was tied, one-all.

During the summer, as *Freedom*'s Dennis Conner, the almost infallible skipper, and his seemingly unbreakable boat proceeded ever onward, wishful thinkers—some partial to other boats and some merely craving the excitement of an upset—speculated that if anyone were to beat Conner two or three straight, he might come apart. Winning is certainly Conner's overriding obsession, whether at the helm of a boat or behind a pinball machine. But Conner has occasionally lost big and walked away, sometimes sulking, but always intact. He had come into competitive sailing through the back door, hat in hand. He had served a long apprenticeship, crewing for other skippers around the buoys and in ocean races. He had been 27 years old before he had a competitive boat of his own—a second-hand Star that had almost outlived its time. One year after acquiring it, he won



Freedom's performance suited Conner to a T

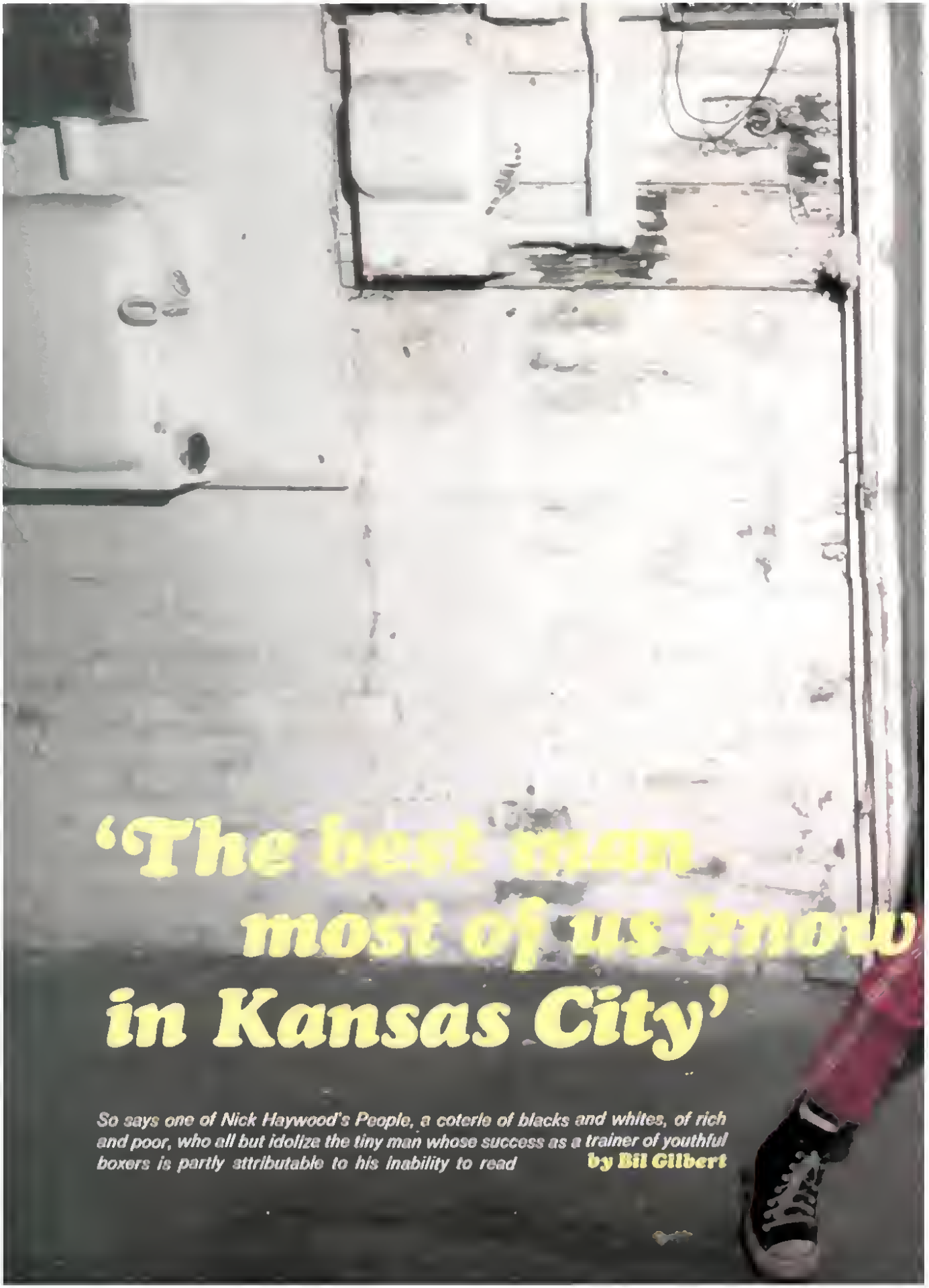
the Star world championship, in many ways the classiest class competition of them all. From then till now he has been a very consistent winner in boats large and small. Crumble under pressure? Unlikely.

But after *Australia*'s surprising win in the second race, the gremlins changed camps. They descended on *Freedom* as if they were intent on testing Conner's mettle. In the third race, after leading *Australia* by 46 seconds around the first mark, *Freedom*'s spinnaker came apart on the reach, compelling Conner's foredeck man, Lexi Gahagan, to go up the mast twice to clean up the mess. By the time *Freedom* finished the reaches, her lead was down to 20 seconds. On the second windward leg she was once again moving out when her jib split from luff to leech. While she was rounding the next mark, a wave washed across her deck, sweeping the spinnaker that was ready for hoisting into the water. In the subsequent confusion on the leeward leg, the topping lift was mistakenly hooked up inside the spinnaker halyard. And, because the topping lift wasn't secured, the spinnaker pole went over one side and half of a jib over the other, and the spinnaker wrapped itself around the head stay. Although during the worst of it their slapstick antics were worthy of Abbott and Costello, the *Freedom* crew recalls Conner opening his mouth only twice. If he was coming apart in the face of disaster, he was doing so quietly. In fact, by covering *Australia* well on the leg to the finish, Conner actually salvaged a victory out of the procession of mishaps. "On the beat to windward," he later said, "we had no problems. We had used our quota. There wasn't much else that could go wrong." In the final two races, in medium winds, *Freedom* beat *Australia* by margins of more than three minutes. So it ended as it always has.

From week to week on the docks of the contenders, foreign and domestic, the talk was of sails—ordinary Dacron sails, Mylar sails, sails of interwoven Dacron and Kevlar and Kevlar-Mylar sails. Sails, sails and still more sails. To take each team at its word, the fortunes of its boat would surely turn as soon as it received a still newer sail made of macerated rice paper or recycled Dixie cups.

So great was the chatter about sailpower that it somewhat obscured the fact that seven different hulls had a part in the long competition. And it is very likely that hull design was a more critical factor. Sails can be recut; remodeling a hull takes time and costs a bundle. Since 1958 eight different naval architects have created prospective defenders of the Cup. Five of the six hulls finally selected to defend in the eight campaigns were the products of Olin Stephens and his assistants. Before *Australia* and *Freedom* met, each of the seven designers involved this year was asked in a private poll to rank the designs of his six rivals. Stephen's *Freedom* won going away. *Clipper*, the boat that finished second in the U.S. eliminations, also stood second in the poll. *Australia*, the challenger, was third. Considering his record on the racecourse and his ranking among his colleagues, Stephens must be doing something right.

The prospect of winning a Cup that has never been won by a challenger is probably what keeps challengers coming back for more. Whatever the reason, there are already a half dozen foreign syndicates laying plans for a try in 1983. In the past many of the boats involved in Cup competition have had lofty names like *Resolute*, *Endeavour*, *Sceptre*, *Valkyrie*, *Intrepid*, *Sovereign* and *Courageous*. For a change of luck, a challenger of the future might consider something more to the point. In view of how things have been going for the past 110 years, the most fitting name for any foreign boat would be *Don Quixote*. It's that kind of quest, that kind of dream. **END**



'The best man most of us know in Kansas City'

So says one of Nick Haywood's People, a coterie of blacks and whites, of rich and poor, who all but idolize the tiny man whose success as a trainer of youthful boxers is partly attributable to his inability to read

by Bil Gilbert



CONTINUED

Nick Haywood started fighting for money in the mid-1930s when he still had some of his baby teeth. A decade later he had grown into a featherweight and he fought for another 20 years, sometimes as a licensed boxer, sometimes in savage ways in places beyond the reach of boxing commissions or public acknowledgment. Now he is 51, a scarred little black man who can neither read nor write and who earns his living as a laborer on a Kansas City construction crew.

By popular tradition and by all logic, Haywood should be a tragic case, a living prototype of the character who often appears in "serious" boxing stories, fictional and factual, the victim of sleazy manipulators, bloodthirsty crowds and a sadistic culture who becomes a derelict, a burden and a reproach to respectable society, a punchy ghost mocking the aspirations of the rising contender.

That's not the role Nick Haywood plays, nor does anyone who knows him think of him that way. In fact, in Kansas City—both its Missouri and Kansas versions—there exists an informal association that has no name but that could properly be called the Nick Haywood Admiration Society. It includes, among others, a mayor, a county executive, a councilwoman, a judge, two lawyers, a certified public accountant, a banker, a former NFL star, several journalists, 20 natural and foster children and a couple of hundred hard-looking street kids.

When members of the Society meet, they swap Nick Haywood stories, compare observations about him and sometimes speculate on the nature and significance of this phenomenal man who fascinates them so. With outsiders, members are often initially tentative, not wanting to appear foolish. But get them to talking and, a bit self-consciously, they will describe Nick first as such a likable little guy, next, as a uniquely entertaining, instructive, imaginative, independent and generous man; and, finally, as a visionary, a kind of improbable urban hero. Then they'll apologize for their effusiveness.

Usually, when Nick's People, which is how Society members often identify themselves, discuss Haywood, three rhetorical questions tend to be asked: "How about that hat?" and "Did you ever see anybody smile as he does?" and "Have you ever heard such a talker?"

The hat. Some of Haywood's longtime acquaintances have *never* seen him without a derby. He has a spiffy one that he saves for formal occasions, but the real crowd pleaser is his everyday working derby—he wears it on his construction job, when he is training kid boxers, *everywhere*. The brim is flexible now and is attached to the damaged crown with fishing line; long exposure to both indoor and outdoor elements has given the hat a fine greenish patina, such as may be seen on old copper plumbing. A gifted pantomimist as well as a nonstop talker, Haywood uses the derby as a prop, pushes it around, tips it, sweeps it, flourishes it—somewhat in the way a geisha uses a fan. Derby Nick, he is called in various Kansas City sporting circles.

The smile. Below the derby is a triangular, trusting and trustworthy face, of a smallish size suitable for a featherweight. Despite scars and other mementos of his fighting years, Haywood's face is genial, almost elfin; it would look right rimmed with fur and peering out of the woods, as in uplifting children's books. When he smiles, his eyes squinch, his crooked nose wrinkles and his lips stretch two ways: up and down from septum to chin and side to side almost to his ears. The smile exposes a lot of begonia-pink tongue and gums and a set of heavyweight-sized teeth. Keep the teeth in mind. They have been as important to Haywood's success as inches have been

Derby Nick has made his mark all over K.C. (from left) a window in the renamed National Guard Armory—and the hat, just in case anyone missed the point. Nick's 9-year-old grand-







to Abdul-Jabbar's or skin to Tiegs'. Sometimes when he smiles, Haywood raises both hands to cover his lower face, as if fearing he might accidentally overwhelm bystanders, but this is an unnecessary precaution. Like Arthur Bryant's famous barbecue, another Kansas City resource, the more of the Haywood smile there is, the better.

The talker. Haywood will smile because of something somebody else has said, but more often because of something he himself has said. That is as it should be. The chances of Haywood being with anyone who has as many interesting things to say as he has or who can say them as well are very small. Like all notable talkers, Haywood is a monologist. Colloquy may be democratic and useful for committee work, family reunions and Monday night sports broadcasts, but memorable discourse is usually one way, flowing from talker to audience. Casey Stengel, for example.

The subject of Haywood's marathon monologues is always the same, never-finished story, in which all experiences, ideas, people and places are ultimately related, as, say, a Kansas City sirloin is related to solar energy. Reproducing any single passage does not provide an adequate sample for the same reasons that a picture of a trunk does not adequately represent an elephant. And Haywood has a strong, uneducated, southern-black accent. He says Ah for I, ahm for arm, youf for youth, splain for explain, Ahez for I is or I was. He seldom pronounces a terminal t (fis for fist) or d or g or an interior r. He rushes some passages, slows down on others. To render his accent precisely in print is possible, but it may leave the impression that the writer is patronizing Haywood, which is not possible.

Nick is sitting on the apron of an antique boxing ring set up in a dimly lit, dank warehouse in Kansas City, Mo. He owns the ring himself, and he says it has special inspirational powers because Joe Louis fought in it some 40 years ago. In it this day, six youths of assorted ages, colors and degrees of skill are shadowboxing. Haywood appears to be coaching them, but he demurs.

"Ah do not coach young mens," he says. "Ah trains young mens. Coach, he juss think about the outside, about the fis and ahms and feet and how the blows is struck. Trainah, he see inside the youf where the blow come from. Ah know this a long time, but Ah caint splain it to othahs till man splain it to me in 1969. He's a hitchikah Ah give a ride to then, and a smaht man, been to three colleges in New Yawk City. He say parent the fus cause he nurture the chile. Teachah the bes cause he choose to shape the chile. Preachah the most powful cause he got the mos followahs. Doctah the riches of the ordinary man cause we care mos about how we feel. Heavyweight champion, the mos admire cause every man want to be him sometime. He splain to me they change foah words in the dictionary. They change colored to black, slum to ghetto, gypsy to hippy, and they change trainah to coach. Lots doan understan that, but that why Ahez a trainah and we doan say coach here."

The six shadow boxers complete their drill, and while they are giving their gloves to a new group, Haywood explains that he is sitting on the Joe Louis ring in a warehouse full of youth because he was a precocious child "knockah."

A what?

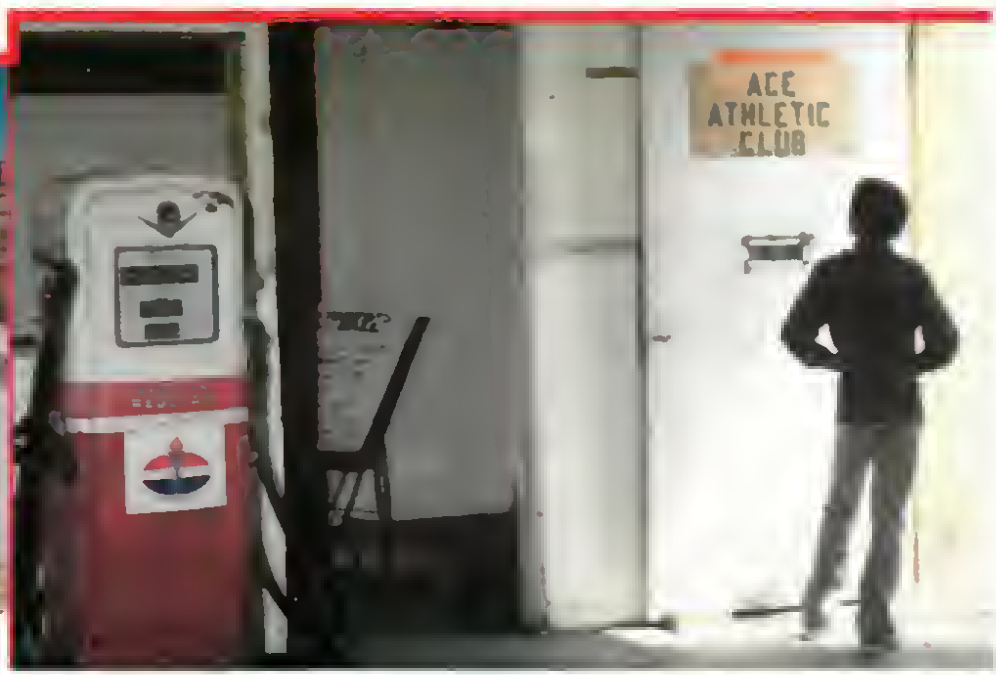
"Yassah. Knocks, thass what they call it. Down in the country 10 miles from Greenvull, Mississippi, where Ah was bawn. Ah go to work in the cotton, a watah boy when Ahez juss seben. Doan got to school but one time befoah. Thass why Ah nevah learn my abcs. Ah juss a little bitty boy when Ah start carrin watah for the mens. They call me Baby Kid, but Ah was a bad, bad knockah."

Haywood turns on the full smile and holds it for a time. It is a memory-of-childhood smile, but there is also a suspicion that a performing artist like Haywood hugely enjoys the feel of hooking an audience and reeling it in at his own pace.

continued

son working out, sans manager, also 9; Haywood at work as a laborer, and the warehouse where the Ace Athletic Club was temporarily relocated after being kicked out of the armory







Proud to be among Nick's People are (from left) Richard Berkley, mayor, Randy Vanet, lawyer, Joanne Collins, council member, James Brown, CPA, Tom Barket, businessman, Buck Buchanan, former All-Pro, Edward Pendleton, commissioner

"What *is* a knockah?"

"At noon, at dusk when we ain't workin, the mens stand in a circle and they git the boys to duke it. Not hittin in the face or stomach, juss the chess and ahms, till one boy he knock the othah boy down. Ah little but Ah knock the othah boys every time. Mr. Suggs's the big boss, and he sit up theyah on his big horse, put his leg ovah the horn and watch. He say, 'That Baby Kid knock down mos men ' Mr. Suggs, he so proud of me and it make me proud of mahself, and Ah get bad. Ah go Greenvull, and people say thass Baby Kid. He some knockah Colored boys, white boys, they try me but Ah knock them. Then big boys start comin to try me, and thass when Ah learn to be a bituh "

"A biter?"

"Ahez a good dukah but Ahez a *little* man. Ah duke a big man once, and he doan go down. Ah doan wanna duke no moah cause he whup me. Ah want to close in tight, grasp the big man He caint land no blow, and Ah *sink* mah teeth into that large man "

"Bite him?"

"Yassah. What he gonna do? Break his teeth on yoah head? Push you away? He tear a piece of hisself loose Ah suspec they is old men still got the marks of mah teeth in theyah chess and face."

When he was about 13, Haywood worked in a timber camp driving a pair of mules that he talked to and loved. One day the foreman said he was giving the team to an older driver. Hard, hot words followed, and Haywood decided to run away. He traveled as far north from Greenville as a $2 train ticket would take him. In a town, the name of which he does not recall, he hid in the freight yards by day and in the ladies' room of the depot at night, because ladies did not use the room after dark and police did not inspect it for fear of surprising ladies. After three days, during which his diet consisted entirely of half a bottle of soda he had found in the depot, he became dizzy with hunger and slunk down to a grocery store. There was a gang of big boys lounging on the porch eating peanuts. "They the same complexion as me," Haywood recalls, "and one of them, a big chunky boy with great big round eyes, he say to me, 'What you want, you little black ape?' Ah was the darkes of all mah family. Workin in the sun, the skin on mah cheekbones get almost blue, but it make me so mad if somebody remark on that cause then black is the same as ugly. But that one time Ah doan wan no fight cause Ahez so weak in mah legs and head. Ah juss say, 'What you call me, Big Eyes?' and he say, 'black ape' again and come at me and knock me, but Ah get up and come to grasp him tight."

Haywood leaps off the ring and recreates the encounter, rushing across the warehouse, arms outspread to grasp Big Eyes. His lips curl back and the luminous smile becomes a carnivorous snarl. "Ah bite him and Ahez so hungry maybe if it be juss him and me Ah eat him, but he fall down squallin and the othah boys they commence whuppin and kickin me. Then this man come out of the store, and he say, 'Why you boys killin that little boy?' He chase them off, and he take me home and feed me. Ah stay with that man foah two week and drive a team and clear some new ground for him, but then he ain't got no moah work and Ah go on, but Ah feel strong."

For most of the next decade Haywood was on the road, hitchhiking up and down the midlands, traveling as far north as Chicago, where he had relatives, and south to Louisiana and Texas. He worked as a field hand, a teamster, a janitor, a dishwasher. Cooking was a job he liked a lot—when he could get the waitresses to deliver their orders orally rather than in writing. He hustled pool and took the hardest shot of his life in a pool hall. It broke and permanently bent his nose because the hand that delivered it was wrapped around the 3 ball. "Ah wobble round, Ah snort and snuff," says Haywood, "but Ah doan go down. Ah knock him."

Sometimes, he says, he knocked and bit in jackpot street fights for pleasure and profit, once winning four of these contests in a single night in Louisiana. He also competed in battle royals, melees that were staged for somewhat the same audiences and for the same reasons as cockfights and dog fights were. No gloves, no referees, no rounds. Half a dozen men were put inside a circle of ropes or spectators and fought each other until only one, who received a $50 or $75 purse, was able or willing to fight any longer. During one battle royal, a spectator reached over the ropes and

continued

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © 1980 Paddington Corp., N Y



sliced off the lobe of Haywood's left ear with a razor, but generally he did well in these contests. "Fuss few times Ah try to whup *everybody*, and they whup *me*, bad. Then me and anothah boy, we go pahtnahs. Two of us take out the othahs, then we duke it out foah the money."

Shortly after World War II, Haywood reached Dallas, and there, in a neighborhood recreation center, he was introduced to conventional boxing. He liked the sport immediately because it was safer than the fighting he had been doing and because studying and practicing the sweet science gave him a sense of dignity and accomplishment. "Every man, he lookin for sumpin he care to be, not juss have to be, sumpin he be cause he care moah and know moah than mos men. Ah yearn for sumpin but Ah doan know how. Foah that Ah fight, cause Ah bad an Ah try to make people think Ah sumpin, but Ah known Ah ain't."

Though barely into his 20s, Haywood was too experienced a fighter to learn much at the Dallas recreation center, so he decided to hitchhike to Chicago, where he thought he would find better instruction and competition. There he boxed at the Tony Zale CYO club. In 1950 he fought for a Chicago team in a regional Golden Gloves tournament but lost because, he says, he was still too ignorant and too much of a street fighter. The winning team in the tournament, from Kansas City, was trained by a man named Arrington (Bubble) Klice, who was to become "like a father" to Haywood.

Klice, who still lives in K.C., has traveled some mean streets in the fight game himself, but as a city smarty, not a country bumpkin. In the 1920s he worked for gambling syndicates, both black and white, in Kansas City and then boxed professionally himself for a while, campaigning mostly on the West Coast in the flyweight (112-pound) and bantamweight (118-pound) divisions. "But the money was never very much," Klice says. "In 1935 I came back to Kansas City. The next year I started with the Gateway Club."

Working out of the Gateway gymnasium, Klice says, he at one time owned and managed three of the 10 ranked middleweights in the country. However, in 1948 one of his fighters was killed in the ring in Milwaukee, and Klice got out of the professional game, concentrating instead on Golden Gloves and AAU fighters. He became, and remains, adept at finding local, state and federal funds to support these endeavors. Klice, 71, is now the executive director of a publicly funded inner-city recreation organization in Kansas City that operates a sizable facility in what was once a downtown YMCA. Klice remembers very well the first time he met Haywood:

"He came up to me in Chicago, this little grinning fellow. I guess he was impressed with our team, because he asked if he could come back here and train with us. I said he could, and we smuggled him onto the train. I found him a room right here in this building. He got a job and worked out here every day. He met his wife here. She lived in a house across the alley. She and Nick would wave to each other out their windows."



The Cavalry includes trophy-winning Golden Glover Herron

In 1951 Haywood won the Kansas City Golden Gloves championship in the featherweight division and reached the semifinals of the national tournament. He married Geraldine Thomas, the girl across the alley, started a family—the Haywoods now have 10 children—and began working as a construction laborer most days and a professional fighter some nights. Because of his family, he never took fights more than two days' driving or hitchhiking distance from Kansas City. Although Klice sometimes helped out in his corner, Haywood never had a manager—or a main-event fight. However, as a preliminary fighter, he amassed a 50–4 record and says with pride that no man ever put him down.

The hardest fight he ever had was against a middleweight named Billy Novak. (Because of a lack of willing opponents in his own class, Haywood, who has never weighed more than 126 pounds, would book himself against welters and, rarely, against middleweights.) Haywood remembers the Novak fight vividly but without much pride because he lost both a four-round decision and his cool. He had worked that day carrying lumber and was a bit stiff when he arrived at a small arena in Kansas City, Kans. He thought he would be fighting a lightweight but the promoter had substituted Novak. A friend told Haywood that Novak weighed 164 and suggested that he withdraw, but Haywood said he did not think Novak looked that heavy. The first time he got hit, Haywood says, he knew that Novak weighed *at least* 164 pounds. Novak continued to belt him through the first two rounds and came as close, Haywood thinks, to knocking him out as any man ever did. Between the second and third

continued

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rounds, someone in Haywood's corner gave him an ammonia-and-brandy cocktail, which had a powerful stimulating effect on the nondrinking Haywood. In the third round, he stayed in close, working on Novak's body. The bigger man began to tire and grow a bit gun-shy. With a few seconds left in the third round, Haywood knocked him down and thought he might put him away in the last round. But Novak came out butting and opened several cuts, the scars of which Haywood still has. Enraged, Haywood forgot he was a boxer and an athlete and, he says, "Ah juss began fighting like on the street Ah even try to bite Billy Novak." Beyond losing, Haywood still feels he shamed himself and his profession by reverting to such tactics.

Haywood never officially retired from the ring—indeed, he says it is conceivable that he is *not* retired—but he last fought professionally in 1974 when he was 45 years old. He took that fight for $100 and the excitement, and because his opponent was lefthanded and southpaws were always his meat. "Ah got this punch," says Haywood, tilting back the derby and demonstrating, "call the six inch over the top right. Old time fightah called The Boston Tar Baby [Sam Langford] have that same punch, cause Ah see pictures in a book a man show me. It come to me cause when Ah was a young man. Ah was mule skinnah, crackin that whip get me the snap to come ovah the top on the southpaw. That lass time Ah take that young man in six and feel good."

About five years before that, Haywood had finally and emphatically retired as a street fighter. "Ah come out of this ice cream stoah eatin a cone," he recalls. "Young man he pull his cah up tight on mah truck so Ah caint move. Ah say Ah obliged if he pull back, but he laugh and he say he ain't goin no place till he ready. Ah get in mah truck and back up and bump him to get room. He leap out and fling open mah doah and fling me against that truck. He big, chunky young man, dress in a suit, but Ah sink mah teeth right through the suit, and there is blood and he fall down moanin, and Ah push the cah away and drive off.

"Two weeks laytah Ahez back to get anothah cone, and young lady come up and she say Ah should be ashame of myself. That young man, she say, his chess swell up and he caint go to work for five days. Ah say she is right and Ahez wrong Ahez too weak to stan and lick my cone and let the young man cross and mock me. Caint stan to have anothah man think Ahez weak, cause Ahez not sure Ahez strong Thass the way of the beast, and man who know moah should be ashame. Ah thank that young lady for speakin to me, and Ah nevah do that once again."

Though he was never more than a part-time moonlighting boxer and a fringe figure in the K.C. fight crowd, Haywood decided in 1975 that he would like to show some closed-circuit TV fights in a local theater. Specifically, he wanted to bring the second Muhammad Ali-Joe Bugner fight to Kansas City audiences This ambition amused local fight hustlers, who thought such an enterprise far beyond his means and ability. "Everybody they say, naw, Nick, man like you caint do that, thass big stuff, but *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL SIKES



When Derby Nick and wife Geraldine (seated on floor to Nick's right) host a family get-together, the living room of their home overflows with joy

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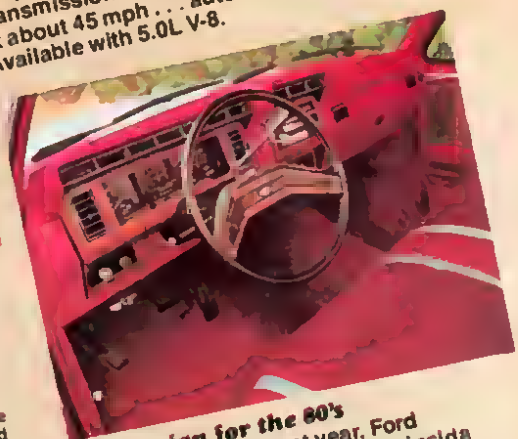
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nobody splain why Ah caint. Ah keep thinkin about who hep a man like me, and Ah sit down at the telephone an Ah ask the operator to let me speak to Senatah Johnson in Atlanta, Gawgia, and she do. He say he glad to talk to me and what is mah problem. Ah say it is how to get the close-circus TV heah. He say, 'Nick, where you at?' and Ah say, 'Ahez at mah home.' Senatah Johnson say juss sit right there and he call me back, and pretty soon he did and he say, 'Nick, you call this man name Goldstein in New Yawk,' and he give me this number and Ah remembah it and Ah call. Mr. Goldstein ask, 'Nick, what can we do foah you?' Ah tell him about the close-circus, and he say thass easy, and he sen me some paypah and Ah sen him some money and thass how the people get to enjoy Ali-Bugner."

Randy Vanet is a Kansas City attorney and a former Republican candidate for Congress. He has been Haywood's friend for nearly 20 years. "Nick put on three or four of those TV shows," Vanet says. "They didn't make any money—in fact, I think he lost on them—but that doesn't worry him. He does things that he thinks are interesting or should be done. Nick is a creative thinker who operates outside the paper world. Everybody who is as smart and imaginative as he is can read and write and has been conditioned to accept a lot of restrictions on what they can do or even think about doing. Sometimes I think Nick feels a little sorry for us because shuffling papers has made us so slow and timid."

In the course of making his promotional arrangements, Haywood was told by somebody that it was not seemly for a common laborer to be messing around with closed-circuit TV, that only valid businessmen should engage in that sort of activity. To satisfy this apparent requirement, Haywood rented a downtown pool hall, which he operated in the early morning and in the evening after he had finished his construction job and his gymnasium workouts. An incident occurred at the pool hall that markedly changed Haywood's life, his image and his reputation in Kansas City.

"Late at night," Haywood remembers, "mostly the youf come to the pool hall cause they doan have no other place. Ahez very busy and it is cold and windy, and a youf say, 'Nick, you got to take care of me.' He say, 'Nobody care about me and Ahez gettin bad.' Ah say, 'Boy, what you talkin about? Ah ain't here to take care of you,' and Ah turn from him and two weeks laytah that youf is killed with a knife in the street and I caint get him outta my heart. Ah think a man like me who have good fortune, he got to care about the youf or he caint respec bisself. Ah think what this world gonna be soon if nobody care foah the youf, cause they gonna *be* the world and it's gonna be a bad world for mens."

Haywood rented an empty loft above the pool hall and turned it into a free, free-form recreation center where kids could at least congregate in security. He and his wife began taking hard-pressed youngsters into their bome, sometimes offering a few days of sanctuary and food, sometimes becoming formal or informal foster parents.

"I know of at least 10 kids the Haywoods have taken in and helped," says Edward L. Pendleton, commissioner of the Jackson County Juvenile Court. "Mostly they are teen-age boys whose parents, if they have any, teachers, social workers and agencies can't, or won't, help very much, the kind we leave on the streets until they are old enough to be put in a jail. Nick reaches those kids better than anybody I know. He's not somebody sitting in an office, taking grant money, making a living controlling them, talking about things they can't relate to their own experience. He's a little guy who knows, who has survived everytbing they have and worse. He works at a job they understand, and when he gets off work he spends his time and money on them. He has a lot of rules for those kids: no smoking, no drinking, no dope, no bad language, be on time, be polite. Those rules are signals that be feels these youngsters are worth showing what he thinks is the right way of doing things. They are proud of being with Nick—like suburban kids who have won scholarships."

The over-the-pool-hall recreation center was the beginning of a marvelously unstructured organization that operates on Haywood's vision, energy and resources. Ostensibly, it's a boxing club, but it's also to some extent a floating commune, a youth hostel and a school for urban survival. Sometimes it's called the Ace Athletic Club, sometimes Nick's Cavalry or Gallery (the latter two names are used interchangeably by younger members). The club in its various guises has no rosters or dues, but according to street estimates, some 200 youths have joined it. High school Latin teachers argue that while their subject might not be directly useful, it develops intellectual habits. Similarly, Haywood believes that boxing is a fine discipline for teaching manners and respect. "Fuss the boxah he got to respec his body, give up bad things which make him weak. He feel the strength come and he feel proud cause he care to do and doan do things that bring strength. Then the boxah got to think and study what he do with his fiss and body. He develop the mine so he can use the strong body the way he want, and that make him proud. Then he learn about the otbah man. Doan make no difference whether he whup the othah or the othah whup him, he know othah boxer a real man like he is. Othah fellah hurt and he cut and he dance, juss like you. You feel his body, and you exchange respec for each othah. Then you think every man got those same things bout him—doan have to be anothah boxah, can be old man, little cbile, lady, but he is you, too. And if you have learn to respec what you is, you learn to respec othah because he *is* you."

In Haywood's youth work, tbese principles have remained fixed, but the places in whicb he has explained and demonstrated them have changed. At times he and the youths who follow him have trained in a church, a tavern, a warehouse and an abandoned wing of a hospital. The arrangements under which they occupied these buildings ranged from informal to vaguely surreptitious, and they moved from one to another because of fire, urban renewal, changes of ownership and changes of mind by owners.

Throughout, Haywood kept his eye on the old Missouri National Guard Armory in Kansas City, a cavernous structure built early in the century. In past decades the central drill hall, which can seat 4,000 spectators, was occasionally used as a basketball and boxing arena, and Haywood fought there professionally. However, by 1972 the armory had fallen into considerable disrepair, and state authorities closed it down and padlocked it. For six years the empty, moldering building

continued



Haywood, who began boxing during the 1930s, is a deft mimic of three generations of champions.

was regarded as a white elephant by everyone except Haywood, who kept politely badgering greater and lesser officials about letting him and his kids use the facility. The officials repeatedly explained that it was a public building for which public agencies had no use, and therefore it could not be used by anybody.

In 1978 Haywood told Joanne M. Collins, a member of the Kansas City Council, of his plans for the armory. She is a big, handsome woman, more than six feet tall, with an electric-looking semi-Afro that adds inches to her stature and an electric-feeling personality that, among other things, has made her one of the most popular local politicians in recent Kansas City history. "I had heard about Nick for a long time," says Collins, a Republican. "Boys would say they trained with Mister Nick or mothers would say they wished their boys would go to Nick. I didn't understand what he was teaching besides boxing, but I figured it must be a lot more because of the way everybody felt about him. The first time I met Nick I was walking past a site where he was working. He was covered with cement dust and started brushing off his hands before we shook. I told him to stop it, that it would look bad if a voter saw a workingman trying to clean his hands before shaking with a politician. After that, I became one of his people. When he started asking me about the armory, I said what everybody else had been saying, but he kept on talking and then he started ballooning."

"Ballooning?"

"You've seen it. We start out, and here I am this big person looking down at the top of the derby of this little person. Then I begin hearing what he is really saying, and he begins ballooning. Pretty soon I am on my toes stretching to look up at this big man. He was talking sense, and the rest of us had been talking nonsense. Here was a building that none of us with all our papers could figure out how to use. Here was this man, who doesn't have anything to do with papers, who had a very good idea about using it. I talked to a friend with the state. I helped get a key to the armory for Nick. I said he could throw it down the sewer or do whatever he wanted, but I definitely did not want to know anything about it."

Early in 1979, Haywood, with that key, took enthusiastic possession of the abandoned armory. He talked local utilities into turning on the water and electricity and sending him the bills. Then he and his youths cleaned the interior, patched the worst leaks in the roof, boarded up some windows to keep out drafts, blizzards and vagrants, all of which had enjoyed more or less free entry. Then the boxing and training equipment was assembled. In the barn-like armory there was still a lot of room left over, and Haywood invited other youths to share the space. A neighborhood jazz club, a roller skating group and a modeling class for girls moved into the armory and spruced up their own corners of it. A hand-lettered sign went up in the window announcing that the new name of the place was Haywood's Hall. By early spring some 250 teen-age boys and girls were using the hall each week.

After newspaper stories about the hall appeared and the whole improbable operation came to light, a myth arose in Kansas City to the effect that Haywood conducted his program so secretly that nobody in authority knew it existed. "We knew Nick was in there—unofficially," says Walter Johnson, who oversees the management of state properties throughout Missouri from an office in the state capital in Jefferson City. "It seemed like it was better to have Nick and the kids in there than vandals, but we didn't want to know anything officially because then we would have had to chase out whoever was in there. We changed the locks once as a kind of official hint, but the next day somebody changed them on *us*, so we didn't have a way to get in except by breaking and entering."

"Yassah, Ah remember about them locks," Haywood says blandly. "Ah think maybe some of the youf is playing a little trick. I doan want to bothah nobody in a big office about a little thing, so Ah juss buy some moah locks and 13 keys."

Having firmly occupied the premises, Haywood put on a public boxing show as a kind of armory-warming celebration. "It was so cold you could see your breath," recalls Collins, who was among the invited crowd of Haywood's friends. "We all had a great time. Nick had on his good derby and a tuxedo and did the announcing. Some of the people helping him were people who have jobs in departments that are supposed to keep things like Haywood's Hall from happening, but that night they were all working for Nick.

"I'm always amazed at how many people he knows. Like Randy Vanet. I worked for Randy in his congressional campaign, so obviously I think he is a good man, but he is very straight and conservative and white. I didn't think he really knew any black folks until I found

out he was one of Nick's People. From the outside, it looks like a lot of people are here feeling righteous about helping poor old Nick, but actually it's the other way around. They feel damn lucky that Nick came into their lives."

The world being what it is, Haywood's financial agility—how, for example, he operated an armory which the state, the county and the city could not afford to operate—has stretched a lot of imaginations to the point of bogglement. But not Nick Haywood's.

"Ah got a good job," he says. "Ah work every day, and each week Ah get paid two hundred and sixty-one dollahs. Ah juss put aside a little to pay for light and electric and little things."

James Brown, a CPA who is one of Nick's People, says that as far as he can determine it cost about $2,400, mostly for utilities, to keep Haywood's Hall open during 1979. Brown says he knows Haywood paid at least $2,000 of that out of his own pocket.

"Now that there have been newspaper stories about what he was doing in the armory, I don't think it would be hard for Nick to raise funds through donations," says Brown, "but he is very independent. He is glad to have people work with him, but he likes to use his own money because then he feels free to do things, as he says, just the right way."

Nonetheless, as a consequence of the publicity Haywood was receiving, activities at the armory came to an abrupt halt. Harry Wiggins, a Democratic state senator who represents the district in which the armory is located, says now that finding some use for the armory or at least preventing it from becoming an eyesore had been a long-standing concern of his. So, on the morning of Saturday, Jan. 19, 1980, he decided to make an informal inspection of the property. He says he did not know Haywood and, unlike many other local politicians and bureaucrats, did not know what had been going on in the building for most of the previous year. "I was astounded," says Wiggins. "Indeed it was being used. There were the boxers, the roller skaters, a band, some sort of charm school. Frankly, I did not understand the organization or Nick's explanations. I gathered it was a well-intentioned effort, but obviously it could not continue. There was no authorization for that sort of use, and there were a lot of problems about safety and insurance."

Wiggins had brought a reporter and a photographer from *The Kansas City Star* with him, and Haywood's Hall was a front-page story in the Sunday papers the next day. The article was hard-hitting enough to make it impossible to maintain the policy (or conspiracy) of benign ignorance under which Haywood's Hall had flourished. Regulatory types were obliged to do their official duty, which was to clear out the armory and make certain it remained safely empty. By February, Haywood and his youngsters were back on the streets.

After the armory was closed, Jackson County executive Dale Baumgardner and Kansas City Mayor Richard Berkley separately had official and sympathetic conversations with Haywood and some of his youths. Both men said later that they thought Haywood's Hall had been, in principle, a very good thing, but in practice a number of rules and restrictions made it impossible for either of them to do anything about resurrecting it. The Fraternal Order of Police said it was investigating the possibility of acquiring the armory and finding in it a place for Haywood's club. After a few weeks of consideration, the cops decided that operating a program such as Haywood's was beyond their resources. Other organizations offered facilities, but Haywood politely turned them down because he thought there might be strings attached that would make it difficult for him to train his people in the manner to which he and they were accustomed. Collins, Vanet, Brown, Buck Buchanan, the old Kansas City Chief lineman who is now active in civic affairs, and Commissioner Pendleton, among others of Haywood's People, began talking about forming a private nonprofit group to reestablish the club in the armory or somewhere.

"There is something very disturbing about this," says Pendleton. "Nick is a unique human resource, like an artist or a mathematical genius. We are lucky to have him. But, officially, he is a problem. The problem, ours not his, is that he doesn't fit into the system of grants, conferences, budgets, briefings, reports—the whole social-work chain of command. The obvious thing is for a few of us to take the time to have Nick explain to us what he can use and then get it for him. Then we have to be smart enough to let him alone. If we want to benefit from Nick Haywood, we have to figure out how to fit into his system, not try to fit him into ours. The question is whether we are creative enough to be of any help, or whether we can even keep up with Nick."

The eviction from the armory had come at a particularly inconvenient time for Nick's Cavalry. A few days earlier, Haywood had ordered $225 worth of steaks, lamb chops, orange juice and cod liver oil. His plan was to feed his fighters at Haywood's Hall as part of an intense training program to make them strong for the local Golden Gloves competition. This communal feeding effort had to be abandoned, but Haywood kept 13 of his boxers in good enough condition to enter the tournament. One of them, a quick, slender, silent 17-year-old featherweight named John Herron, won a novice title. As a reward to Herron for his good performance, as well as to give him a bit of educational travel, Haywood took a week off from work and went with Herron to Shreveport, La. to watch the national Golden Gloves finals. Upon their return, Haywood found an empty warehouse on Locust Street in the center of Kansas City that he thought could be used as a gymnasium. The building is one of many downtown properties managed by a family named Barket, two generations of which have been important Haywood People. The late Alexander Barket was a Kansas City banker, political figure and builder who owned the construction firm that has employed Haywood for nearly 20 years. Says Alexander Barket Jr., himself a banker, "My father thought Nick was as straight and decent a man as he had ever known. They had their own mutual admiration society."

Alexander and his brother Tom inherited many of their father's interests, including Haywood, and they were agreeable to Haywood's suggestion that the empty Locust Street building be used temporarily for a boxing club. Haywood paid to have the utilities reconnected and spent his evenings cleaning the warehouse and converting it into a gym. On the first Friday in April, after an active day running wheelbarrows full of wet cement across the roof of the parking garage where his construction crew was then employed, Haywood, Herron and

continued

several of Nick's other people worked until after midnight getting their ring, pads, bags, gloves and headgear ready for use. Word was passed along the street grapevine that the Ace Athletic Club was back in business, and the next morning 20 youths came by the warehouse to recommence their training.

While his exceptional energy, good humor, picaresque adventures, smile, derby and gift of gab are enough in themselves to make Haywood a rare and interesting man, his reputation as an urban hero rests essentially on his accomplishments with old edifices and young men that have been more or less abandoned by everyone else. With the basic elements, a building and youth, reassembled on Locust Street, it seemed that a visit might reveal the formula behind his success. Then, again, it might not; because even if there is such a formula, it may be either too simple or too complex to be recognized. In the gloomy warehouse on a Saturday morning, vivid incidents and seemingly instructive vignettes followed quickly, one after another, as in an important dream. There is a strong sense that they must be intrinsically related, but how they are, never becomes clear.

The youngest youth is a 9-year-old. He is accompanied by a kid of about the same age, who says he's the other boy's manager. "His name is Billy," says the manager of his fighter, who is flailing away at a light bag.

"Billy Haywood," says the fighter between punches.

"Ain't either," contradicts the manager with some impatience. "You can't say your name is Haywood."

Nick Haywood suggests some changes in stance to the tiny fighter and says, with a full smile, "Billy he mah granson. Down in Mississippi he what we call the bastud chile."

The oldest member on hand is a 25-year-old named Johnnie Lee Hooker, a light heavyweight who fought in the Service and who wants to make a comeback. Just before entering the warehouse, he flips away what he says is his last cigarette ever. Hooker wears heavy shades, a faintly menacing deadpan stare and the scraggly beginnings of a beard.

"Hookah, what that growf on yoah face?" Haywood asks immediately.

Hooker pauses in the doorway indecisively but then removes the shades, grins, touches his chin and says, "Take it off tonight, Mister Nick. O.K. if I stay today? I need the work bad."

Haywood makes an exception, because it's opening day. But he tells Hooker a story about what happened to a welterweight in Dallas who got another man's beard ground into his eye.

Another boxer, known only as Kenny, is a tall, pencil-thin 125-pounder with very quick hands. He is sparring ferociously with a heavier but less agile youth. Haywood calls Kenny out of the ring, takes him aside and demonstrates a combination that Haywood says he learned from the old lightweight champion Ike Williams, for whom, he says, he was once a sparring partner. A left jab is feinted and then curled like a hook and followed with a short, hard, overhand right. "Ike Williams, he learn that because he study hisself and othah mens," Haywood tells Kenny. "He doan do what he *has* to do, doan do what othah man *make* him do. He do what he *want* to do cause he in charge of hisself."

Kenny is assigned to a far corner to practice the Ike Williams combination. He says he hopes to be the welterweight champion of the world, and he thinks he can be if he stays with Haywood. "Sometimes I get so mad," he says, "I feel like being mad puts me to sleep so I don't understand anything. Mister Nick, he understands that and explains it to me, and sometimes I get mad at him because he is right, and I am mad because I don't understand enough to be right. Mister Nick, he always here. You call him at two in the morning, it don't make no difference."

Members who are still in school are expected to bring their report cards and read them to Haywood, and tell him about interesting things they've learned.

"Nick, you've got a good job, raised a good family, have a club, been a promoter. You've got lots of friends and people who respect you, but you don't read or write. Do you ever think about how things would have been if you'd learned? Maybe they wouldn't be as good."

"Yessah, Ah think about that. Ah think maybe Ah be daid."

"Dead?"

"Ahez third chile, and they say in Mississippi that third chile got a curse on him. He do lot of things very good, things othahs caint, but third chile always have one thing he caint do everbody else do. Ah know when sow is gonna farrow by juss looking at her. Talk to the animals. Ah know what some mens gonna say foah they say it. Ah can look inside othahs, but Ah caint read. Thass my curse. If Ah go agaios that, learn to read, it take me places Ah ain't meant to be and Ah probably be daid. Thass a curse from old days in Mississippi, but Ah doan think it true these days for these youf. They curse if they doan read and write, cause it agains what they should be, lead them to do bad things agains their nature."

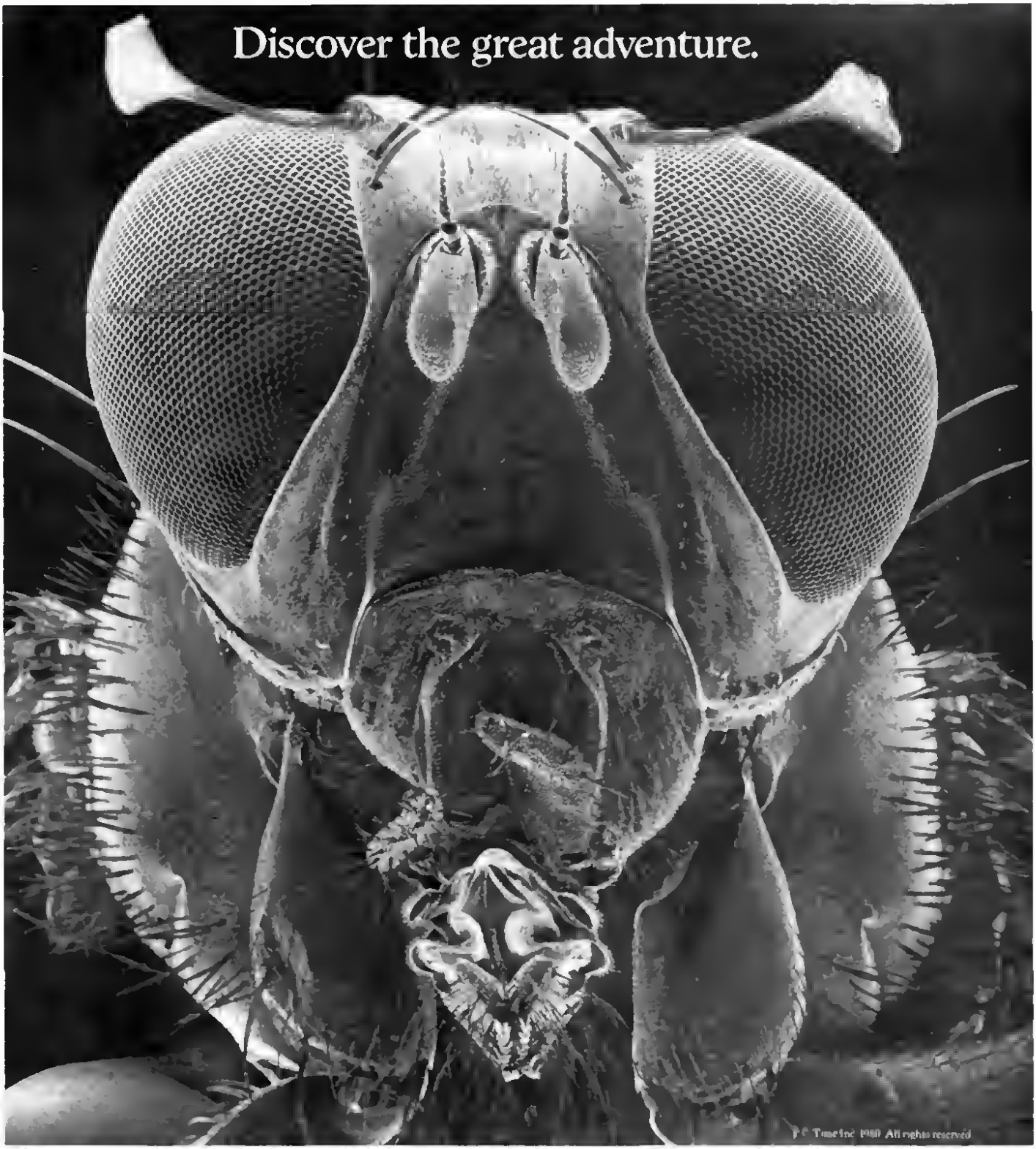
Kenny is called back to the ring to demonstrate what he has learned of the Ike Williams punch. Then Haywood leaps onto the mat and performs half a dozen impersonations of famous boxers: Kid Gavilan throwing his bolo punch, Hammerin' Henry Armstrong and his windmill style; Floyd Patterson and his peekaboo, Joe Louis doing his shuffle and Jersey Joe Walcott going into his weave. As a finale Haywood squats down, as if on a stool, his arms hanging slackly at his sides, head swinging in a daze, scowling like a confused bear. It is such an entertaining turn that even the youths who have no recollection of Sonny Liston retiring in his corner in the first Clay fight hoot and holler and leave the warehouse, to go back home or wherever, on a high.

Two weeks ago, Nick Haywood himself got a special high: possession of the armory. Anonymous benefactors agreed to back him, no strings attached, in open bidding for the building, and his offer of $70,303.25 was accepted by the Missouri authorities. If all goes well, Haywood's Hall will be back in business within 60 days.

Joanne Collins says, "People come to Nick early or they come to him late, but once they do, they always belong to him. And are proud of it."

That's true. It is also true that in the Nick Haywood Admiration Society every member sooner or later begins to participate in the organization's principal activity—which is speculating on why there is such a group. This newcomer suggests that the NHAS exists because a lot of people would like to be more like Nick Haywood, and they are encouraged to keep trying—because he is. END

Discover the great adventure.



The Mediterranean fruit fly may look friendly but he'd like to eat all the fruit in California. In 1970, the pest was eliminated in the state by sterilization. Now, a lone male has shown up in a trap and there's fear of a new infestation. The scanning electron microscope picture is by David Scharf.

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PERSPECTIVE

by BARRY McDERMOTT

WANT TO BAG MONEY? GET OUT YOUR OLD GOLF CLUBS. THEY MAY BE GOLDEN

If you are a golfer, you may have a lot of money lying around in your garage or attic. Golf equipment is no different from furniture, rare wine and Chinese porcelain: old is often better then new—and a lot more valuable. Many clubs produced as recently as the 1950s and '60s are considered "classics." Some are worth $1,000 a set, and the right kind of sand wedge can bring $500 or more all by itself.

Trading in such clubs is a hot new game, and if you want to hit it big, now is the time to take a look at any clubs you may have stashed away. Some of them—especially if they're of a certain model made by MacGregor—have turned out to be excellent hedges against inflation.

For instance, in 1949 MacGregor issued a line of Tommy Armour woods and irons that sold for $156. Today the four woods go for as much as $1,000, and the irons can fetch $500. The classic-club dealers springing up across the country point out that the old woods were made of high-quality persimmon, which is no longer available in abundance. As for the irons, a revolution took place in the golf-club business in the early '70s, when many club manufacturers had switched from forged to cast-iron heads. Forged clubs had to be finished by craftsmen who ground the irons to minute specifications, while cast clubs are stamped out of a mold and need only minor touching up. The result was that the men who finished such clubs were put out of work, and their craftsmanship has been lost.

The market for classic clubs exists partly for the same reason that a vintage Rolls-Royce is worth more than a new model—some people just love carefully made old things. "But there's a difference," says Mike Doherty, a classic-club dealer in Los Angeles. "The old Rolls probably will not perform as well as the new one. But these classic clubs perform *better* than new ones. I bet that 75% of the players on the pro tour are using old persimmon-wood drivers, and that of those, most are using MacGregor models."

Doherty says the classic-club market boomed in about 1975, and now his phone begins ringing at 6 a.m. and often continues until 11 p.m. He even puts out a price and identification guide that sells for a hefty $19.95.

Perhaps the single most sought-after club model is the Wilson R-90 sand wedge manufactured between 1937 and 1942. Tour players hunger for it—they are taken with its bounce and large size—which is why some of the wedges are worth $500. But clubs don't have to be nearly half a century old to be valuable. In 1966 and '67 MacGregor put out a line of Jack Nicklaus VIP irons. Those clubs, which originally went for $225 a set, now sell for up to $1,000. Early next year MacGregor will issue 1,000 replicas of the set of 11 irons that Nicklaus used in winning this year's U.S. Open and PGA. Each set will be numbered and carry a $1,000 price tag, qualifying them as instant classics, one presumes.

From 1960 until 1972, Leon Nelson headed MacGregor's advisory staff. Over the years he signed such players as Nicklaus, Jackie Burke, Ken Venturi and Tom Watson to endorsement contracts and also saw to it that their clubs were made to exact specifications.

Thus Nelson is uniquely qualified to comment on the surge in interest in classic clubs. He thinks a lot of collectors are paying big money for clubs that aren't very special. "Cast clubs changed the whole business," he says, "because they were made in a mold and there was a uniformity that cannot be duplicated by individual grinding. In the old days you might have 200 two-irons in a lot that one guy had ground. Then another guy would do a batch of 200 three-irons. He'd grind entirely differently, and yet his three-irons would go out in the same sets with the other guy's twos. But our custom clubs, the ones we made for our advisory staff, were all ground by one guy so they would be the same. Other people thought they were getting matched clubs, but they weren't. I can't believe the prices those clubs are going for now.

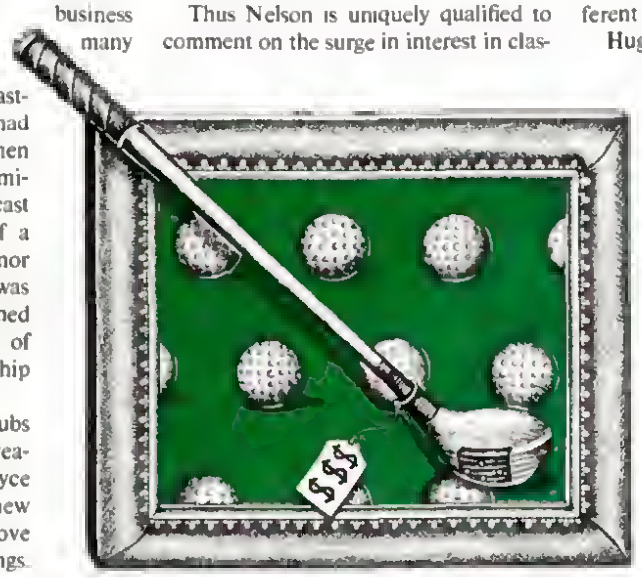
"These grinders were artists. We had one named John Huggins, and there was a time when nearly all the top players were using his clubs. You could look at his clubs and see he'd done them. These grinders would make only four or five sets a day, and someone like Huggins, if he were working for a player like Ben Hogan, would take three days to make a set. The minute he saw a name on a production ticket like Jimmy Demaret or Tom Weiskopf, well, he got all excited and would take extra pains."

This news will do nothing to dampen the classic-club market. Because the differences Nelson describes are so minute, only an expert can detect them. In fact, a set of clubs ground by Huggins might be worth only 20% more than a stock set. "If his name were stamped on the back of the clubs, that would be a different story," says Doherty.

Huggins, who retired from MacGregor several years ago and now is a member of the custom golf-club advisory staff at Titleist, is as amazed as anyone at the thriving classic-club market. He acknowledges, though, that the irons he made for the stars were special. For example, whenever he made clubs for Nicklaus, he always had to grind the nine-iron out of an eight-iron forging because Nicklaus didn't like the neck of the nine-iron forging. And when he did make clubs for Hogan, he bent them a special way.

The market in classic clubs is so hot, and the expertise on

continued



JOHN HENRY

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the equipment so thin, that counterfeiters have sprung up. Last year Huggins visited a driving range in Los Angeles where the owner was selling old woods at inflated prices. He asked Huggins what he thought of them. "They're not bad ... for copies," said Huggins.

Caveat emptor. Playing investment golf can be profitable, but there are penalties involved for those who don't know the rules.

Classic clubs aren't the only items of golf paraphernalia that can reap rewards for those who mine their attics or garages. Mort Olman owns the Old Golf Shop in Cincinnati and deals in golf antiques and memorabilia: artwork, silver, pottery, clubs and books. His customers include Barbara Nicklaus, Ben Crenshaw, the PGA and the USGA.

Olman's store is filled with forgotten treasures culled from houses in Scotland. His most prized find is an early 19th-century golf ball known as a feathery. It has a leather cover and is stuffed with feathers. Olman figures he can get about $1,500 for it.

The antique golf business—as opposed to the classic-club market—rarely trifles with usable clubs, points out Olman, who is the largest golf-memorabilia dealer in the world. He recently bid on an unsigned 16th-century oil painting of a child holding a club and ball that eventually sold for more than $17,000. Last month Sotheby's of London auctioned off two wooden-shafted irons, circa 1750, for $1,700 and $1,540, respectively.

"Most people, if they have something from the '20s, think it's really something special," says Olman. "But we often deal in things that are more than a century, maybe two centuries, old. Most of it is found overseas, but there is some here, too, because all of the early professionals in America came over from Scotland."

Tommy Armour was one of those Scottish pros. After he retired from tournament golf, he was the teaching pro at the Winged Foot Country Club in Mamaroneck, N.Y. He'd sit in a folding chair near his pupil, a glass of Scotch beside him, and critique the swing. Little did he know that in the future he wouldn't be as renowned for his 1927 U.S. Open title as for the golf clubs that subsequently were manufactured under his name. Armour was called the Silver Scot during his playing days. Now his name is golden—when it appears on the back of a golf club. **END**



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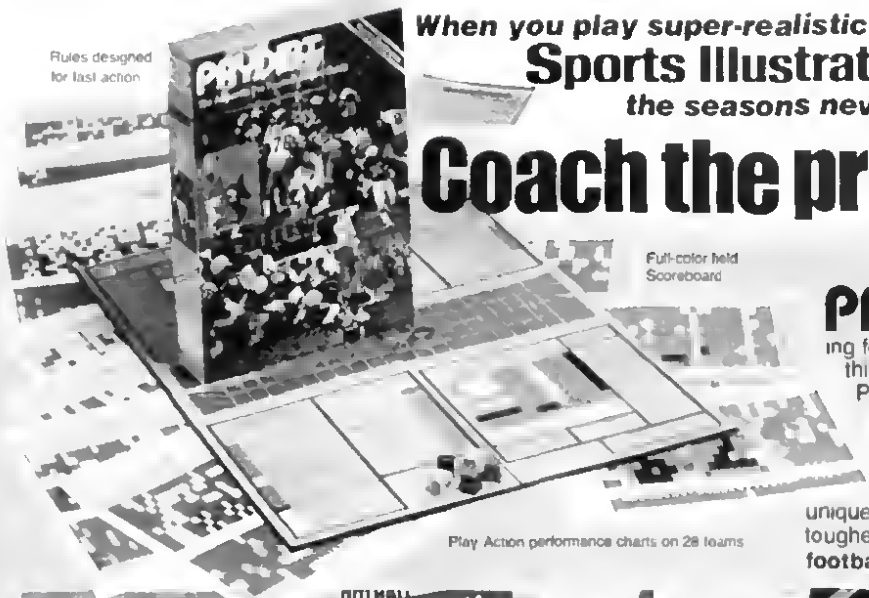
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 22-28

Compiled by CRAIG NEFF

BOATING—With easy victories in the final two races, FREEDOM, skippered by Dennis Conner, won the America's Cup series off Newport, R.I. 4–1 over the challenger *Australia*. The U.S. has now held the Cup through 24 challenges spanning 129 years (*page 98*)

BOXING—MARVIN HAGLER stopped Alan Minter in the third round to win the undisputed middleweight championship in London (*page 26*)

PRO FOOTBALL—After defeating the Giants 35–3 Monday night on three touchdown tosses by the league's leading passer, Ron Jaworski, the unbeaten Eagles led the NFL in both offense and defense. But in St. Louis on Sunday, the previously winless Cardinals defeated Philly 24–14 as Otis Anderson ran through the Eagle defense for 151 yards and Jaworski threw into the St. Louis secondary for three interceptions. San Francisco also lost its perfect record in the fourth week of play falling to Atlanta 20–17 despite two fourth-quarter touchdown passes by Steve DeBerg, one of them a 93-yarder to Freddie Solomon. Los Angeles moved to within one game of the 49ers in the NFC West by beating the Giants 28–7, and the Cowboys defeated Green Bay by the same score to tie the Eagles for first place in the NFC East. Buffalo, Detroit and San Diego not only retained their division leads, but had no trouble retaining their unblemished records. While the Bills beat Oakland 24–7 (*page 94*), Minnesota's defense found the Lions' Billy Sims difficult to stop. He gained 157 yards in Detroit's 27–7 win. The Lions intercepted five of Tommy Kramer's passes to running their record to 4–0 for the first time since 1956. In Kansas City Dan Fouts threw for 194 yards, and the Chargers turned two Chief fumbles into touchdowns in a 24–7 San Diego victory. Staying in hot pursuit of the Chargers in the AFC West was Seattle, which had surrendered more points than any other team in the conference before it shut out the Redskins 14–0. Defense was notably absent in Cleveland's 34–27 win over Tampa Bay. Browns Quarterback Brian Sipe passed for 318 yards, and the two teams combined for 817 in total offense. Cleveland still trailed Houston and Pittsburgh in the AFC Central, however, as the Oilers edged Cincinnati 13–10 on two late field goals by Toni Fritsch and the Steelers beat Chicago 38–3. After Terry Bradshaw threw for four touchdowns, three of them to Jim Smith, Steeler backup Quarterback Cliff Stoudt came in and tossed a TD pass himself. Stoudt, a four-year veteran, had qualified for his NFL pension a week earlier, though he'd never played in a regular-season game. In Miami's 21–16 win over New Orleans, Dolphin Quarterback Bob Griese relieved rookie Dave Woodley in the second half and brought his team back from a 16–0 deficit. No one could save the Jets from their fourth loss, 35–21 to Baltimore.

GOLF—BEN CRENSHAW shot a 16-under-par 272 to win a $300,000 PGA tournament in Napa, Calif. by four strokes over Jack Renner.

JOSE MARIA CANIZARES shot a 19-under-par 269 to win a $240,000 tournament in Epsom, England by one stroke over Lee Trevino, Seve Ballesteros and Brian Waites.

HORSE RACING—PRAYERS 'N PROMISES ($8.20), ridden by Angel Cordero Jr., won the $126,625 Matron Stakes at Belmont by a head over Heavenly Cause. The 2-year-old filly covered the seven furlongs in 1:24⅘.

GENUINE RISK ($3.00), Jacinto Vasquez aboard, won the $136,500 Ruffian Handicap for fillies and mares at Belmont by a nose over Misty Gallore. The 3-year-old filly finished the 1⅛ miles in 1:49⅘.

ALLISON'S GAL ($21.20), Mike Morgan up, defeated La Bonzo by a nose to win the $58,600 Modesty Handicap on the turf at Arlington Park. The 4-year-old filly's time was 2:05⅘ for the mile and ⅛ths.

MOTOR SPORTS—ALAN JONES clinched the world Formula 1 driving championship by winning the Canadian Grand Prix in Montreal by 15.54 seconds over Williams teammate Carlos Reutemann. Jones averaged 107.79 mph over 70 laps on the 2.74-mile circuit, while his only rival for the driving title, Nelson Piquet, dropped out after 23 laps with a blown engine in his Brabham.

DALE EARNHARDT, the NASCAR Grand National points leader, drove his Chevrolet to a one-second victory over Buddy Baker in the $138,300 Old Dominion 500 in Martinsville, Va. Earnhardt averaged 69.728 mph around the .525-mile oval.

TENNIS—BALASZ TAROCZY won the $75,000 Geneva Open 6–3, 6–2 over Adriano Pannita.

GENE MAYER defeated Eliot Teltscher 6–2, 2–6, 6–1 to win a $175,000 tournament in San Francisco.

HANA MANDLIKOVA, who upset Chris Evert Lloyd 6–1, 6–4 in the semifinals, won the $100,000 Atlanta Tennis Classic by beating Wendy Turnbull 6–3, 7–5 in the finals.

JAIME FILLOL defeated Ross Case 1–6, 6–4, 6–1 to win a tournament in Madrid.

MILEPOSTS—SIGNED: To a one-year contract to manage the Minnesota Twins, JOHN GORYL, 46, who had been the team's interim skipper since Gene Mauch resigned on Aug. 24.

By the Houston Oilers, Linebacker THOMAS (Hollywood) HENDERSON, 27, who had been released by San Francisco on Sept. 19.

TRADED: To the New York Knicks by the Cleveland Cavaliers, Forward CAMPY RUSSELL, 28, who scored 16.2 points per game in six seasons with the Cavs. The Knicks in turn sent their 1981 first-round draft choice and Center-Forward JOE C. MERIWEATHER, 26, the NBA's ninth leading shot blocker in 1979-80, to the Kansas City Kings, who gave Forward BILL ROBINZINE, 27, an 11.4 scorer last season, to Cleveland.

Running Back CHUCK MUNCIE, 27, the New Orleans Saints' career rushing leader with 3,386 yards in five seasons, to San Diego for an undisclosed draft choice.

To the San Antonio Spurs for second-round draft choices in 1981 and 1982, Washington Center DAVE CORZINE, 24, first-round pick of the Bullets in 1978.

DIED: JACK MURPHY, 57, for 29 years an award-winning columnist and sports editor of *The San Diego Union* and a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED correspondent for 13 years; of cancer; in Poway, Calif.

In Winston-Salem, N.C., former Pitcher ERNIE SHORE, 89, who in seven seasons (1912-20) with the Giants, Red Sox and Yankees was 63–42 with a 2.45 ERA. His best year was 1915, when he had a 19–7 record and the first of his three World Series wins for Boston. In 1917 with the Red Sox, he pitched a "perfect" game in relief of Babe Ruth, who was ejected after disputing a ball-four call on the Washington Senators' first batter.

CREDITS

8—Tony Triolo 20,21—Heinz Kluetmeier 22,23—Walter Iooss Jr. (top right), Heinz Kluetmeier (4) 24,25—Andy Hayt (left), Richard Mackson (center), Manny Millan 26,27—Tony Triolo (right), Steve Powell (2) 28—Tony Triolo 29—Steve Powell 79—John D. Hanlon 84—Mark Pallstein 94—John Iacono 98—Paul Kennedy 101—Eric Schweikardt 123—William Holdar, Natalie Maslar/Denver Post 124—Tony Tomsic

FACES IN THE CROWD



TIM FISS
NORRISTOWN, PA.

Fiss, 30, a postal worker, had an 86–18 record this season for Al's Cold Cuts of the slo-pitch Norristown Civic League. He is 516–104 for the last seven seasons, during which he has pitched his team to more than 40 tournament titles.



KEEKEE BHEGOO
MEMPHIS

KeeKee, 13, won the girls' 12–13 age-group long-jump title at the U.S. Track and Field Association National Championships in Dayton with a leap of 18' 2". She has also won local age-group titles in cross-country and the 440.



TRACY PHILLIPS
TULSA

Tracy, 17, shot a five-over-par 293 to win the PGA National Junior Boys' golf title in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla. Last year's runner-up, he finished three strokes ahead of Johnny Iaman of Greensboro, N.C., the brother of tour pro Joe Inman.



CASEY FELLRATH
DEARBORN, MICH.

Casey, 10, has set two national and 10 state girls' 10-and-under swimming records this year. Her national marks are in the 50-yard (30.75) and 50-meter (34.45) backstrokes, while her state records have come in four different events.



BILL ELLER
MORAGA, CALIF.

Eller, 45, an inspector in the Alameda County DA's office, won eight medals at the International Police Olympics in Old Westbury, N.Y., including golds in the pole vault (11' 6"), 400-meter run (56.9) and 400-meter hurdles (65.7).



KURT BAAL
LITTLETON, COLO.

Kurt, a senior at Denver Lutheran High, kicked a 61-yard field goal to give his team a 13–12 victory over Machebeuf High. His kick broke the state high school record by two yards but fell one yard short of the national record of 62 yards.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE EARLY ALI

Sir

As a free-lance photographer, I applaud Michael Brennan's *Ali and His Educators* (Sept. 22). The photographs are compelling postscripts to the careers of these obscure men. The shot of Sonny Liston's grave humanizes an unfortunate soul more than any portrait of his baleful glare ever did. Brennan has done some knockout work.

RICHARD S. GOLOMA
Pittsburgh

Sir

Michael Brennan's photos and text on Ali constitute one of the most visually stunning and emotionally moving pieces I have ever seen in SI. It's really all anyone needs to know about American boxing. Superb, and sad.

RON SULLIVAN
Tewksbury, Mass.

Sir

How come you show Sonny Liston's gravestone with the dates 1932-1970, yet on the next page report that he died on Jan. 5, 1971?

TOM PACE
Cincinnati

• Liston's body was found in his Las Vegas home on Jan. 5, 1971, which is thus the official date of his death. The coroner estimated, however, that he had actually died as much as a week earlier, hence the tombstone date.—ED

JUST FGR KICKS

Sir

You have made an error in your FOOTBALL'S WEEK column of Sept. 22. Ali Haji-Sheikh does not place-kick for the University of Oklahoma. I attend the University of Michigan, so I'm afraid I didn't tie the score with Kentucky after Sooner Chet Winter's TD run.

ALI HAJI-SHEIKH
Ann Arbor, Mich.

• Haji-Sheikh did, however, kick a field goal and two PATs in the Wolverines' 17–10 win over Northwestern the same afternoon.—ED

WRONG USC?

Sir:

As an avid Gamecock fan, I appreciate the article about our Heisman candidate, George Washington Rogers (*Oh, No, Here He Comes Again*, Sept. 22). In South Carolina, we're just as proud of Big George as Ohioans are of Art Schlichter. Rogers is a hero of everyone in this state.

Against Southern Cal, Rogers gained 141 yards on 26 carries. I heard someone say that if Rogers played for *that* USC (University of Southern California), instead of the other USC (University of South Carolina), he would win the Heisman by a landslide. The Heisman should be given for talent and achievement, not for whom you play for. The dude from Duluth, Ga. deserves it.

CURTIS CAMERON JR.
Lancaster, S.C.

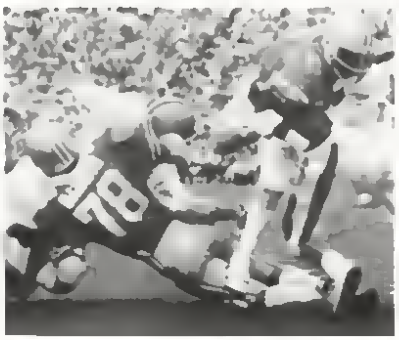
QUESTION OF EMPHASIS

Sir:

In regard to the item about me in your SCORECARD column of Sept. 15: I did not quit my soccer coaching position at Davidson—I was simply not rehired. I certainly would never quit coaching at an institution because of its emphasis on academics.

KARL K. KREMSER
Miami

HOLD ON THERE



Sir:

If anyone wonders what a really good holding job by an offensive lineman looks like, he need only glance at the picture of Ohio State's No. 78, Ron Barwig, on page 22 of the Sept. 22 issue. Could this be the reason the hole over left guard for Ricky Johnson is so big?

LAYNE NEWMAN
Dallas

LET GEORGE DO IT

Sir:

One of the continuing enigmas in the world of pro football is how chronic losers like Bart Starr (*Thanks, Bart Needed That!* Sept. 15) can "coach" for years on end while one of the most consistent winners in the history of football and a coach who has never had a losing season, George Allen, is apparently blackballed from the NFL. It seems some of the league's owners don't want a winner. What a shame!

DON CHLY
San Francisco

WAHOOS, ETC. (CONT.)

Sir:

In his article on the University of Virginia (*It's V-I-R-G-I-N-I-A-A-A-A!*, Sept. 15), Frank Deford leaves out the most important part of Stonewall Jackson's full title as a professor at Virginia Military Institute. It is true, as Deford states, that Jackson taught philosophy, but his actual title was "Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics."

Deford appears to take with a grain of salt the belief of Virginians that only the death of Jackson prevented Lee's army from being in Albany, N.Y. "next Tuesday." Heck, if Lee had had Jackson, who was something like 28–0–1 against the North (figuring a draw at Antietam), he'd have been in Albany by next Monday.

LANDON MANNING
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Sir:

Frank Deford cited an article in *Playboy* magazine that ranked the top party schools in the country. Apparently Deford confused the University of Virginia with West Virginia University. It was WVU that was rated in a class by itself by *Playboy*, not the University of Virginia.

NINTH FLOOR
Summit Hall
West Virginia University
Morgantown, W. Va.

• Both Deford and the Ninth Floor have apparently been taken in by the pervasive and enduring myth that, at some time in the past, *Playboy* published a ranking of the best party schools. There is no such list, says *Playboy*, which fields dozens of inquiries a year on the subject, and never has been.—ED

LIONS ROARING

Sir:

I would like to thank you for your excellent article about Detroit Running Back Billy Sims (*Revved Up and Running*, Sept. 22). Detroit is for real. The Lions have three major ingredients this season that were painfully missing last year: a great running back in Sims, a superb field-goal kicker in Ed Murray (who booted a 52-yarder against L.A.) and an outstanding quarterback in Gary Danielson. I am convinced there is no team in the NFC that can challenge them. Detroit fans finally have a team they deserve.

TIM WRIGHT
Kankakee, Ill.

THE ROCKAWAY WAY

Sir:

Michael Crosby's vivid account of Rockaway-style basketball in the '40s and '50s (NOSTALGIA, Sept. 8) made me recall my days on the courts of 108th Street in New York's Rockaway Beach, waiting with other hapless challengers for a chance to play against the

continued



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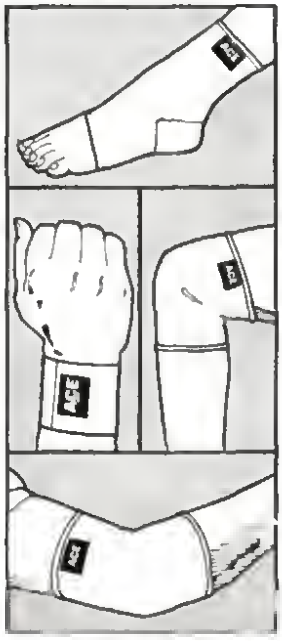
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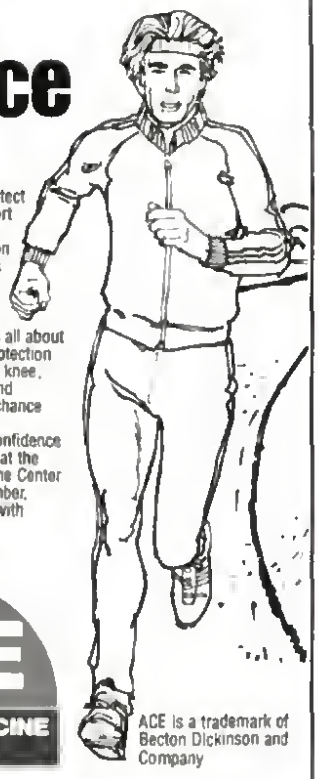
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KEN LIVINGSTON
Lieut. Commander, USN (ret.)
Port Townsend, Wash.

Sir:

I grew up in the Rockaways and spent a lot of time on the basketball courts of Rockaway Beach. The pickup games Michael Crosby reminisced about sound familiar, except that the games I watched took place in the mid-'60s, at a time when Crosby claims the games had petered out. I vividly recall giving up courts in 1966-68 to guys who rode the subway down from the city (Manhattan). Included in those groups were a young man named Lew Alcindor, another named Dean Meminger, and the likes of Kevin Joyce, John Roche and Tom Owens.

Although urban renewal may have physically changed the Rockaway Beach Al and Dick McGuire knew, the Rockaway way of life has *not* ended. The basketball may be faster and the players of a different style, but the spirit lives on.

TOM MORRISON
Tampa

STICKING UP FOR STRONG MEN

Sir:

I disagree with your labeling of the CBS World's Strongest Men competition as "trashsport" (TV/RADIO, Sept. 8). You do a disservice to the athletes and to fans of strength sports. The World's Strongest Men competition allows performers from diverse sports—weightlifting, powerlifting, football, bodybuilding, wrestling, track and field—to compete on an equal footing. The use of such a common object as a refrigerator or an automobile, which could normally only be lifted by three or four men, tends to sharpen the viewer's appreciation of the competitor's effort. The events draw on the rich heritage of the strong man in the circus and vaudeville, men like Sandow and Saxon, who lifted cannons and pianos and bent steel bars.

The competition is simple, intense and entertaining. There are no player strikes, salary holdouts or intrusive owners. The impressionable young athlete will never see these men high-sticked, sucker-punched or beaned by an opponent. Though athletes from Communist countries, most noticeably Vasily Alekseyev, do not compete, the event is international. SI should find a writer who appreciates displays of great strength and send him to watch the World's Strongest Men competition. I'm sure then you would drop the trashsport label for good.

ED MILLER
Raleigh, N.C.

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